

6.9

TIME Is a Turne-Coate.

OR

Englands three-fold Metamorphosis.

Wherin is acted the Pensiue mans

Epilogomena, to Londons late lamentable He-
roicall Comi-Tragedie.

A L S O

A Panegyricall Pageant-speech or Idylion
pronounced to the Citie of London, vpon
the entrance of her long-expe-
cted Comfort.

Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.

Written by JOHN HANSON.



LONDON,

Printed for I. H. and are to be sold at the signe
of the Bible in Paules Church-yard.

1604.

TIME THE-COKE.

BY
JOHN COKE
LONDON
PRINTED FOR JAMES COKE
AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE AND CROWN IN
NEW-BOND-STREET, NEAR THE BRIDGE,
1700.

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ONE EYE
MIN
TION
UP
GING
IND

**TO THE RIGHT HO-
NORABLE SIR THOMAS BEN-
NET KNIGHT, LORD MAIOR OF**
the famous Citie of London, the right Worship-
full Sir William Romley, and Sir Thomas
Midleton Knights, and Sherifffes of the
same Citie: increase of honor and
ever-flourishing felicite.

RI GHT Honorable and right Worshipfull, I haue long expe-
cted, that some men of greater
experience and grauer iudgment
then my self, ere this shoulde haue
bent their studies to cōgratulate
your prosperous designements
with their learned Labours: not
only in this regard, that it hath seemed gracious in the
eyes of Heauen, to turne the time of destruction into
mirth and exhilaration, to disspell the cloudes of desola-
tion from the splendant Sun of this Citie, and to seale
vp the iawes of that starued Tyger, rauening and ran-
ging too and fro with infatiate appetite, to gormandize
indefinitely without partialitie: but also in respect of

TIME

Is Time-Georg

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ability to detect changes in the population distribution of the species and to predict the impact of



A circular seal impression, likely made from a metal die, showing a symmetrical, swirling pattern resembling a stylized tree or a complex knot motif.



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The Epistle Dedicatore.

the proceedings in your general functions and callings; therein manifesting your ardent zeale to the Church and Commonwealth, in the reformation of some particular and monstrous enormities nurced and fostred vp in the same Citie, wounding the hearts of many with the sting of Securitie, who thereby fall into a Le-thargie of their owne ruination: they being naturally like the Basilisk, who by stinging a man, prouoketh him to conclude his destruction with the period of a sweet sleepe; which to discusse vpon more amply, were but to light a torch, when the Sunne boasteth in his vertical point, or to multiplic leaues to a greene tree. But perciuing the turne of Times euent to fall out opposite to my expectation, and a time of respiration exhibited vnto me by sacred Prouidence, (for *Deus nobis haec otia fecit*) I (though most vnsit, not so much in regard of my little scholerlhip and reading, as in respect of my iuuenilitie and lesse experience, though *Affiducē discens plurima, fiam senex*) haue thought it not impertinent to my dutie, as also consonant to your dignities, to cast this poore mite of feruent affection and congratulation, into the rich treasurie of your honorable and worshipfull Patronage: being inforced hereupon to vse the meanes of that poore man, who hauing neither gold nor iewels, presented both his hands full of running water to *Artaxerxes*. And the rather, for that I behold many presidents and pregnant demonstrations of a flourishing Spring-tide of happinesse substituted to your predomination

The Epistle Dedicatore.

nation and government; in the constituting of necessary and requisite lawes for the supplanting and depopulating of vice; and being constituted, are strictly observed and executed by your importunate industrie, (which (as Cesar saith) is *Fortune Imperator*, and urgeth an assent *ultra vires rationis*) leading this citie as peaceable Conductors, (or as *Theodosius* did *Rome*) to a fruitfull Autumne. For *Archidamus* being asked, what made the *Lacedemonian* kingdome to flourish, answered: First, the lawes; and next, the Magistrates obseruing the Lawes: and Aristotle saith, that *Magistratus est custos legis*, also Xenophon: *Si d'inspiratio deus, et abe'z' ab'z' mortali. Non differt bonus Princeps à patre bono.* Whereupon may be inferred, that Magistrates (as *Patres patriæ*) ought seriously and with iudicall precaution, not onely to prescribe ordinances tending to the generall benefite of a citie or commonwealth; but also to be respective (as the father tendreth the successiue fortune of his child with care and vigilancie) that they foreflow not their progression in the performance of their due execution: for *Non decet principem virum totam noctem dormire, cui populi gubernacula commissasunt, & à cuius cura pendent ingentia rerum momenta.* But lest any man should object against me, that I pretend by a kind of æmulation and blandiloquence to adorne your merits like a *Barbarian* image, as *Alexander* was by *Midius*: or on the contrarie, to taxe me of calumnia with this inueterate Axiome: *In medio tuissimus ibis:* (which two, proue the Canker-

The Epistle Dedicatore.

worms of a flourishing countrie : for *Diogenes* the Cy-
nicke being asked, what kind of beasts are most devou-
ring; he answered : that of tame beasts, the Flarterer,
and of wild beasts , the Back-biter,) therefore so to ab-
andon the first, as not culpable of the last, I will cleave
to the golden Medium, breaking off that discourse, and
cease to discusse vpon such a Theame . And now to
returne to my old taske, I humbly intreate your fauou-
rable entertainment to these my vnpolished lines, be-
ing hewed out and squared by one of the meanest of
Appolloes Artificers. And I the more seriously desire it,
for that I am deeply resolued, they shal find a sufficient
shelter vnder the wings of your Honorable and Wor-
shipfull names and Patronage, as vnder the receptacle
of a strong fortified *Cestudo*, against the yelping chaps
of those sharling Zoylists, *qui potius pro consuetudine,*
quam pro ferocitate latranti, barking more for custome
then curstnesse: who by disgorging their mud-mixed
censures vpon the studious essayes of particulars, (for
Apollo nulos habet inimicos, nisi nimbus) do resolute with
themselues by that meanes to win a purchase of a lau-
reall applause, and to erect an eternall monument of re-
putation to themselues , vpon the disgraces of other
mens indeauours: but thereby prouing culpable to the
selues of their owne ignorance, and ripping vp the bo-
wels of their imperfections and grosse fatuities, in the
calumniating of ingenious enterprises , and by bring-
ing backe with impudent arrogance those stolne
sparks

The Epistle Dedicatore.

sparkes which they inatched frō *Appolloes* sacred flames,
whereby the moistned muddie motions of their brains
are enforced to euaporate in a smothering heate; do
appeare to the world, to surpassee in immanitie, the *An-*
thropophagi or *Canibals*; who, though they gormandize
on other mens flesh, yet will not deuoure themselues.
Thus hoping, that these vnlettered lines shal passe with-
out disturbance vnder the couert of your worthie pro-
tections, I humbly intreat your Honor and Worships,
to admit this poore pittance into your rich banquett-
ing-house of acceptation and tolleration, with no lesse
willing mind, then by course of affectionate congratula-
tion it is presented vnto your hands; which, if it may
find free accesoſe, I will turne my sequele essayes with
the turne of ensuing Time, more deepeſly to conuerſe
with the *Muses* thereby to bring foorth a further ma-
nifestation of my ardent affection towards your wor-
thie personages. In the meane time, Heauens prosper
your worthie proceedings.

London, 26. of March. 1604.

Your Honor and VVorships humbly

deuoted:

John Hanson.

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The Author, and his Booke.

Book. **H**elpe, helpe, alas, else am I quite undone,
O shroud me close from sight of these blacke feends,
Who wound with Scorpions stings: I cannot stoume;
Alas for ayde, some ayde, sweet gentle friends! (drame?)
Aut. Why, how now Booke, what newes? what, dost thou
Or art thou quite distract, of sense bereaued?
Or do thy Thoughts discusse on dolefull Theame?

Bo. Treasure, I dream'd, yet not by Dreames deceived:
For in my Dreame, me thought thou badst me post
Through every Countrie, Cittie, farre and neare,
To take my lodging with each crabbed Host,
And beare the lash of each lend Censurer.

Aut. Why, so thou must: then run, no time delay:
Stand not amaz'd at every carping braine;
And if thou meetst a Cynicke by the way,
If he looke grim, looke sterne on him againe.
But if graue Cato chance to meeete with thee,
And deigne on thine his Judgement to suspend;
Do thou him reverence low, with cap and knee:
Tell him, for learn'd aduice to him I send.

Book. What if proud Argas meet me in the street,
Who robs Apollo of that sacred Fire,
Which kindleth ardent rage in his cold sprite,
And drives his muddie-frost-bit-Braine i'aspire:
He'lle turne me ore, and tosse me in his snare,
Chopping my Subiect in his snarling chaps;
And in his turning, turne my coate threed-bare,
Within the pocket of his threed-bare slops.

The Author and his Booke.

Aut. What, that staru'd hungrie catch-pole-paper knaue,
Who ne're durst looke harsh *Horace* in the face?
That stealing-Sense, that Sentence-snatching flauue,
Who feeds on fragments scraped from each place?
What he, that doth his Braines a begging send,
For some ragg'd Theame to comment on at large,
Catching a puddle-wharfe-Discourse by th' end,
Chaunts it, like whore-house tales in welterne Barge?
Who he, that still his Sun-burnt Sense inclines
To turne his state, till faine to turne his purse;
And teares his liuing from lasciuious lines,
Turnes Good to Naught, and Naught doth turne to worse?
What he, whose Wit the whore and strumpet plaies,
Got great with child by *Latines* two or three;
And then cries out, (for midwife never staines)
Deliuerd of some monstrous Bastardie?

Turne him off to the whipping-post of *Time*;
Tell him, his loathsome stinking breath infects thee:
Then turne his chaps to chop some rascall Rime,
To chew some hobling doggrell Balladrie.
But if he sweares, he'l turne thy coate with spight,
And turne thee leafe by leafe, and line by line:
Bid him go turne his nap-lesse coate by night,
Who turnes his coate more oft, then thou turn'lt thine.

Book. But he that on his Sattins seates his Thought,
Sinking to hell betwene his Dockesies armes,
Wi'l turne his Fore-top, sweare by beau'n, tis hought,
As though that oath coniur'd, like Magick charmes.
Aut. Turne that word (*Naught*) downe to his heart againe,
From whence that vprous terme forc't free accessle,
Where caues of vgly venim'd Snakes remaine:
There let (*naught*) sting his soule without redresse.

Book.

The Author and his Booke.

Book. Yet will Carnalitie, the usurping Atheist,
The Murtherer, the immane Sodomite:
The Cruell man, and terr eue Sensualist,
Turne ore my leases and teare them in despite:
Turne backe with scorne my wholesome Counsell gin' n,
Turning me off, my grane aduise expell.

Aut. Then turne them vp into the hands of Heau'n,
Whol'e turne them downe into the chaps of hell.

Now get thee hence, post on with turning Rime,
Turning thy sens'e to all, thy selfe to paine:
And turne thy hap to euery turne of Time,
Though to thy selfe returns the smalleſt gaine.

*Vade, ambula,
volens iusta.*

R. B.

De Argumento huius Libri encomium.

EX tibi depingit Diuina benè gesta Libellus,
Fanera Magniūm, lugubria Fata virorum:
Sic volat ipsa dies, velox ut semita Phœbi,
Ore vorax trito, fallitq; volubilis atas;
Tabida depellit, cunctos incorpore morbos:
Instruit exemplū inopem, detorquet & agrym.
Vix prudens furi, sicutelix temporis ipse
Filius, ut renouat variis adieratis motus:
Augescunt aliae gentes, aliae minuantur;
Morte nigra breviter mutantur secula animatum,
Et quasi chyfores uitatum Lampada tradunt;
Fulmine divino trepidat sic mundus iniq[ua]n.

Libri & Authoris Encomium.

Cogitatur ille Liber (mel tanquam floribus) horto
Musico, nuditq; splendens leclisq; coronis.
Tempore sū felix, felix Genio quoque tempus:
Lauriferas laudes sapiens cantabit Apollo.
Tempore confuges, infusna Palladiū arte,
Tu quia Perafflantes renouasq; ruinas,
Tempore vireficiis, brumalē tempore flores,
Neclave perlantur, haubliq; Aganippadis undū.
Tempore, frendit Aper, ringitq; Lupus, Leo rugit,
Tu tamen in mundo, ut splendes, lucebit, Ebus:
Tempora temporibus transiuntus tabida firmas:
Felicità viridis decoret te tempore laurus.

T. G.

To the iudicall Reader.

I write not of victorious Hannibal,
Of Romes old murthered sons, nor Pompeys fall,
Of valiant Hector, nor Achilles shield,
Burning Vesuvius, nor th'Elysian field;
Nor of huge arme-strong Hercul's Iôle:
Of lone-sickke Attis, nor beauteous Danaë,
To whom (she prison'd in a mured Tower)
Old Saturnes sonne rain'd downe the siluer shower:
Nor of Ioues conquering heire, nor Tryaps bed,
Nor of the sports of wanton Ganimed.
But of that Faire, the fairest of Earth's Faire,
To whom in troupes supernall Nymphs repaire:
A shining Diamond, a radiant Bright,
Which in earths Center yeeldesth clearest Light:
A precious Pearle, cleare as Aurora's Sun,
Whose hote-reflecting beames will not be done:
A glorious Starre, to Heau'n and Earth combin'd,
The brightest Gemme that ere in Albion shew'd.
Of heighth, of depth, of earth, of heau'n, of hell,
Of ugly monsters, shapes that do excell:
Of joy, of wo, of horror, mirth, and feare,
Of restlesse Motions whirl'd about the Sphere,
And turn'd circumferent with Typhonian Time:
Thus Time hath task't me to a turning Rime.

To the iudicall Reader.

Two ardent Passions kindled by Desire,
Within my breast at once began to aspire:
Griefe bad me write, but Joy straight answerd, nay:
Joy bad me sing, then Griefe aduis'd me stay:
Griefe waxed pale, while Joy more sterne did shew,
Joy sprightly stood, Griefe scorn'd the ouerthrow.
Thus Joy and Griefe, striuing with aduerse spite,
Twixt Griefe and Joy, I fram'd my pen to write:
For turne-coate Time perforce directs my quill,
To urge it sing consorting to his will.

But sith my Muse wants that Heroicke spirit,
In stately straines to eternize their merit;
Project's her selfe to grauer Judgements sight,
Catching swift-winged Time on instant flight.
If smooth-toung'd Caliop these lines peruse,
The want of Age doth want of Art excuse:
My head's ingirt with iuie, nos with baies,
Ordain'd for deeper wits, that merit praise:
Friendly scan all, yet scandalize me not,
With the detracting Tongue of every Sot.
If well, then censure well, if ill, dispraise it;
Yet would I know, if he be wise that sayes it.

Nec Momum nec Mimum metuo.

TIME

T I M E

• Is a Turne-coate:

Englands threefold Metamorphosis.

Post mortis, late.

Panis Pierses vestro sacra offera vati.

YE foule-fac'd Furies which the Stygian keepe,
Ye grizly Feends of the Cymmerian deepe,
Ye hel-hounds droupe, and howle in sulphur'd cautes;
Stand ye amaz'd grim *Plutes* damned slaves;
Rise vp from tortoise lakes, and gaze afarre;
Loe! Earth presents to Heau'n a glistering *Starre*.
Ye Powers diuine which in the heau'ns are fixed;
Ye Spirits that with the wandring starres are mixed:
Conioyne in one ye Sphærēs cælestiall:
Ye Muses nine, performe this Funerall;
Condole her death, whose glorious life was so:
As by her life, her death was freed from wo:
Whose life repleat with grace, exempt from strife;
Whose death's transformd to neuer-dying life.

2 Time is a Turne-coate.

Cynthia, faire Sister to blacke ladie Night,
That Gebons streames with golden /cons dight;
To whom heau'ns seniour Lights proffer their dutie,
For thy surpassing and resplendent Beautie:
Renounce thy borrowed Shine, reuoke thy race,
With clouds of Languishment remaske thy face.
Sad Melpomen with tragicke Scænes relent
Each Marble rocke and obdurate Flint:
Sigh foorth deepe accents of thy sacred Loue,
To cause the stonie hearted Savage moue:
Straine out Threnodia, thy assiduall note,
For Time hath roab'd himselfe with fable Cote.
Ye sacred Nymphs hang down your Sun-bright haires
Bedew your cheekes with penitentiall teares:
Conduct me to somesolitarie Cell,
Wherein I may with pale-fac'd Sorrow dwell.
Alas, my Muse doth faint ere she proceed,
To tune *Encomions* on a mournfull Reed:
Wise Caliope, sweet Queene of Eloquence,
Inspire her Thoughts with sacred influence.
Take courage (Muse) pure Zeale shall stand thy barre,
Looke not agaist on every frowning Starre:
Plucke vp thy sprite from pitchie Acheron:
Solace amidst the fields of Helicon:
Now bath thy selfe in the Pierian spring,
Where thy sad Sisters mournfully do sing:
Go seeke that Phœnix mounted in the skie,
Transform'd to euer-during Dignitie;

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Time is a Turne-coate. 3

The *Phænix* of our age, Earths onely Faire,
Faiths Empresse, and heau'ns high glorious Haires:
Englands Phænix admir'd for Raritie,
For Beautie, Virtue, and pure Chastitie:
O shee's consum'd with heau'ns resplendent Light,
That from her ashes *one* might rise as bright,
And flourish foorth vpon the verdant ground,
Whose paralel in Art is scarcely found.
Why striues my Muse to stellifie her name?
The bright-eyed-wondring world diuulg'd her fame;
And Fame it selfe flies swiftly from her nest,
To blaze her honor from the East to West.
Sad Sicknesse, the pale Harbinger of Death,
Foredoom'd the losse of *Syrinx* daughters breath:
Blacke furious Fate, that wrought such deepe despight,
To locke faire *Phæbe* from *Endimions* sight;
I meane *Eliza*: O write that name againe,
That with revoluing Time it may remayne:
Eliza, she who was profound in Art,
Is now strucke dead with *Thanatos* his dart;
Eliza, who in many dangers stood,
For Gods high glorie, and her subiects good:
By her, th'incarnate Gospell was possest;
Through her, all *Britaines* Ile Iehonablest;
For her, the heau'ns rain'd down such plenteous store,
As Natures greedie Sons could wish no more.
Honor imbrac'd her, *Art* by her did stand,
Prudence attended on her genious hand,

4 Time is a Turne-coate.

Justice in Mercie with her bare the sway,
Glorie infinite her last Catastrophe.

The fatall Sisters ioyntly haue decreed,
Old Atropos should cut that vitall thred,
Which cōunites the Substance with the Soule;
Nūbing each Sense with leane-chapt Deaths cōtroule.
This state is incident to Natures lot;
Drawne through the world in *Times* still chariot,
With two vnruyl Steedes, and hurl'd along
By restlesse *Motion* and *Mutation*:
At length they leaue her on Deaths dismall stage:
As being wearie of their cariage:
Then his grim Sergeant comes without controule,
T'arrest her bodie, dis-unite her soule:
He takes no bribes, but strikes (impartiall)
The Begger, Baron, Caitiffe, King, and all.
If Death had fear'd to stop *Astraea's* breath,
Then had he spared Queene *Elizabeth*:
Whose soule is now enthroniz'd boue the skies,
Where glorious Cherub's sing her Exequies:
Through *Jones* broad milk-white path now is she gone,
And stately royaliz'd on Angels throne:
The siluer Vault with *Epos's* deepe resounds,
Of her rare Vertue which on Earth abounds.
I wish *Eliza* from vs could not passe,
Who made each place a heau'n wherein she was.

Th'Almighty *Jove* so lock't Virginitie
From Antidotes and banefull Trecherie,

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Time is a Turne-coate.

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That burning poysone ne're effected harme,
Although confected with a Magick charmē.

How many treasons, direfull accidents,
Base-bred complots, and experiments,
Conspir'd her death; yet still preseru'd was she
By heau'n's eternall *Triple-Unitie*?

How many striu'd to stop *Elizas* breath?
Yet (to their shame) she died a liuing death;
For which we laud th' Immortall Deitie,
Who mixeth ioy with sad calamitie.

Her fame on earth is painted by all *Senes*,
Her corps in Lead, her soule a Saint in heaven.

Eliza liu'd, now is *Eliza* dead,
And *David* rais'd in her Angellike stead;
Shee's quite extinct, yet hath she left behind
The true *Idea* of her princely mind;

Right royall I A M B S, the *Britons* gracious King,
Whose honor through the circling Globe doth ring.

The *Rose* is cropt which glistered in each face,
And yet as faire sprung instantly in place:

A *Rose* most sweet and odoriferous,
A *Rose* of grace to cheare and comfort vs;
A *Rose* that springeth in a Northerne blast,
A *Rose* whose lustre doth in Winter last.

O Wonder: that rough *Boreas* dropping wing,
Should waft such showres to a desired Spring!

England, prostrate thy selfe with folded hands,
(Whose joyes are numberlesse euen as the lands)

B 3

6 Time is a Turne-coate.

Before the powerfull and almighty Throne,
Who gaue regard vnto thy grieuous mone,
Sending to thee such an Athenian King,
Whose learning is the round Orbes wondering:
A soueraigne Balme vnto thy Corasie;
Which did thy half-dead-wounded heart reuiue,
When *Phœbus* Lute tuned his mournfull note,
To make *Time* turne his glifstring golden cote.

Couragious *Cato* with his warlike traines,
While rang'd in rancke vpon the champion plaines,
Sweet-breathed *Zephyrus* vp softly blew
The fragrant flowers whichin medowes grew,
Vpon their glittering targets: then they cride:
A glorious Triumph shall to vs betide.
Euen so the Flowers of fruitfull *Brittanie*,
(Blowne with the wind of zealous Loyaltie)
Did congregate in troupes, proclaim'd a King,
Whose name once heard, most gladsom ioy did bring.

When glorious *Titan* hath his compasse run,
The foule-maskt gloomic Night ensues thereon;
Bright *Sol* declin'd, *Luna* skips in the skie,
Approou'd by Nature in *Philosophie*.
Iehoua derogated *Englands* Light,
And yet pursude no duskie darksome Night;
No sooner *Britaine* had her bright-Eye lost,
But straight another gaz'd from Northern coast:
No sooner did *Eliza* take her flight,
But instantly king *JAMES* appear'd in sight:

For

Time is a Turne-coate. 7

For whom true hearts render immortall praise
To high Iehoua, who this Starre did raile
To yeeld them light, to stand their soueraigne Lord,
And Patron pure of the soule-sauing word.
(O blessed Time, when peerelesse Princes preach,
When *David* doth his sonne Gods precepts teach!)
He is the sense-concluding Period
Of *Englands* solace, charactred by God;
The pure quintessence of her flourishing state,
To whom her life is worthie subiugate.
O what a learned *Varro* hath she gain'd,
(Who mou'd blith *Gelos* eu'en when harts complain'd)
A *Cicero* for flowing Eloquence,
A valiant *Cesar* for Magnificence.
Don Phæbus rising from his scarlet bed,
Out of his easterne Closet thrust his head;
Spreading his flame-hair'd broad vermillion lockes,
Vpon the earth, the sea, the trees and rockes;
Elpide a fairer shining here below,
Pluckt in his head, no more his face durst show.

Now *England*, *England*, shake off sad annoy,
Thy forts are full replenished with ioy;
Let all thy Turrets glister in the aire,
Thy Faire not turn'd to fowle, but Fowle to faire.
Now boast thy selfe amidst thy sommers Pride,
Thy Ebbe's transformd into a flowing Tide
Of Mirth and Gladnesse: honor God for ay,
Who turn'd thy Night into a Sun-shine Day.

8 Time is a Turne-coate.

What greater graces to thee could he bring,
Then grace thy Land with such a gracious King?
Who lends an eare to euery clients crie,
Decides his case with princely Granitic.
Lycurgus-like hath he prescrib'd his lawes,
To keepe poore *Cedrus* out of *Cresusawes*;
He succour sends to all opprest by Mighr,
Defends true *Irus*, and maintaines his right.
By him thou reapst the wished fruites of peace,
And for his sake God giues thee huge increase
Of thy fat haruest and thy wel-til'd fields,
Thy withered Plants do bud, and blossomye yeelds.
For *Phabas* Lute descants a gladsome note,
Wherat Time skips, and turns his sable Cote.

What if th' Almighty had stretch't out his hand,
To scourge Impietie within thy Land;
And raz'd thy walles with flat confusion,
With ciuill broiles and proud Rebellion?
Then had thy famous Cities gone to wracke,
And euery towne bene subiect to the sacke:
Then Rigor would haue rul'd and borne the sway,
Reason exil'd and banisht quite away.
Then would the mother dread her dreadlesse child:
Then spotleffe virgins would haue bene defil'd.
All these (O London) to thy extreme paine,
With present spoile wert likely to sustaine:
Then hadst thou languisht in th' effusion
Of bloudie murther and occision:

Then

Time is a Turne-coate.

9

Then *Phabas Lute a Threnos* would haue strained; *PA*
And Time with teares his golden vespments stained. *PA*
Me thinke I heare the wailefull weeping cries,
Of wretched Dames in dreadfull miseries: *PA*
Me thinke I heare the thundring Canons sound, *PA*
Whose bullets against the battred walles rebound: *PA*
Me thinke I see huge troupes of glistring shields,
And coursing Palfreys trampling ore the fields: *PA*
Me thinke I see how souldiers wounded lye
With gasping breath, and yet they cannot dye.
But heau'ns great King to thee propitious,
In lieu of *Mars* sent graces wonderous;
Permitting still his Light to shine with thee,
That thou mightst walke in perspicuitie.

Romes Minotaure, that monstrous enemie

To braue *Britanniae* peerelesse Progenie;
In rancor guzled for his annuall food,
Timbrue his throat with *Innocencies* blood;
Whetting his blacke excavated fangs,
To murther sacred soules with tortring pangs:
Till *Albions Thesus* with his conquering hand,
Redeem'd her state from tributarie band;
And slue this Beast distent with irefull fell,
Grapling with death in his prodigious cell:
By *Iones* decree reduc'd her Babes away,
So wan the loue of heau'ns *Pasiphaë*.

Adopted *England*, sweet *Elysian Ile*,
Obserue, how God reuiewes with a smile;

●

C

10 Time is a Turne-coate.

Accumulates a sympathie of ioy,
To countervale thy late-sustain'd annoy.

Remember, that twice twentie winters told,
Thou never tastedst of that freezing cold,
And indigence of true Religion,
To thee oblig'd by perfect vniion:
Mercie hath let a supersedeas free
On Justice, which connicts Iniquitie:
So loth is Heau'n to take reuenge of sin,
Grants thee more spacious walkes to solace in;
Reuiues thy saplesse Trees which withering dide,
Thy wals of Grace with Truth seedidie.

Euen as the Parent educates his child,
By obsecrations and corrections mild,
To fraught his soule with filiall reverence,
Extenuates Rigor by sweet Indulgence:
Yet still if he progresse in lusts content,
Then he inflicts a triple punishment.
So doth th' Almighty powerfully intice
Thy feet to walke in heau'n's faire Paradise,
And fosters thee with nurcing milke of life,
Which yeelds an end to endlesse terrene strife.
His glorious eye, *Scrutator* of thy hart,
Delighting not to view thy ruthlesse smart;
Protracts reuenge to thy affections lust,
As though the Judge forgetteth to be iust.

Numbers of daies hast thou possest the light
Of his pure Gospell in thee shining bright;

And

Time is a Turne-coate.

11

And now t'enrich thee from his treasures stote,
Hath caus'd it shine farre clearer then before.
Yet still thou liest in darke Obscuritie,
Wrapt in the depth of Sensualitie,
Repugnantly, with *Aesops* frozen Snake,
Rejects his mercies and his grace forfaine:
Spurning the Clemencie which he hath showne,
To monstrous crimes & deepe transgressions knowyne
And most perspicuous to his piercing Eye,
Vindicta's battering gainst the loftie skie.
Thou sufferedst *Virtue* in thine iron age,
To tread the lonelesse path to Hermitage:
For which his heauie Iudgement foorth did flic,
To counterchecke that great Solemnitie,
Which thou esteemedst at so high a rate,
And consonant with Kings renowned state;
Farre dissonant to thy expected Fame,
Who still aspires to dignifie her name.
Consider how he hath stretch'd out his hand,
To scourge the Mother-citiie of thy land,
Breaking her sinewes by diuine Pretence,
With fierie shafts of feuer Pestilence:
Withered her Flowers with blasting-venim'daire,
Driuing her vp-growne Trees to trembling Feare.
His arrowes sharpe in every corner flic,
And every street did wound outragiously;
In furie senting father, sonne, and all,
None could eschue the stroke of sudden fall.

C 2

Time is a Turne-coate.

Euen as the *Tygresse* rauening for her food,
 In furious rage doth range alongst the wood;
 Who in some darksome denne hath long bene pent
 From meat and sustenance, which makes her rent
 And teare the next shee meeteth by the way,
 As nothing partiall, so she gaines a pray.
 Euen so this Plague, the Tygresse fierce of heau'n,
 Such lethall wounds, such large assaults haue giu'n;
 Consuming, seuering, midst the hugest throng,
 The youth from age, the aged from the young:
 Infatiatly deuour'd in euery place;
 None could persist fore her contagious face.

O heauie *England*, now behold and see,
 Thy Beautie stricken with the leprosie
 Of blasphemies, imbrac'd without regard :
 To whom the Lord hath sent a iust reward.
 Thy grieuous sins with dreadfull noyse did crie
 For iust Reuenge vnto his Maiestic;
 Who can both strike and heale, preferue and wound,
 Erect thy wals, or raze them to the ground.
 How many wonders for thee hath he wrought?
 How many heau'ly Lessons thee hath taughe
 T' asswage thy arrogance, suppress thy hate?
 Yet still thou standest in a fearefull state.

As he reduc'd his chosen *Israell*,
 From sauage cruelties of *Egypt* fell;
 When they were plung'd in perils dangerous,
 At his commaund (O wonder maruellous)

On

Time is a Turne-coate.

13

On either side the barking billowes stood,
Whilst that they march'd through the brinic blood,
When their pursuing foes would them haue slaine,
Were ouerwhelm'd amidst the troubled Maine:
Yet did they murmur in the Wildernesse,
As too vngratefull for their rare successe.
But heau'ns iust Judge incens'd with wrathfull ire,
Powrd foorth his plagues vpon their vaine desire,
While they tooke repast on their lustfull will,
Vile venimous beasts their grauer age did kill.
Euen thus (*ô England*) God hath dealt with thee,
Conduicting thee through seas of miserie;
Redeem'd thy Race from rage of forraine spoile,
Casting thy foes to base-dishonor'd foile:
Yet all these graces not incite thy hart,
With humblenesse to cure thy curelesse smart;
Demurres thy dayes in dilatorie care
Of worldly lusts, which Heau'n will neuer spare:
But in thy heighth of pompe and iolitie,
The massacring Angell came to visite thee;
Slaughtring thy people with reuengefull sword,
The Harbinger of Death sent from the Lord.

These sad events arose and came to passe,
As it befell to old *Diagoras*;
Who when his sons th *Olympian* games had won,
Casting their garlands in their Trophées done
About his necke: the mens applauding voyce,
And rare delight did make his heart reioyce:

C 3

14 Time is a Turne-coate.

But while his soule repleat with chearefull grace,
Was stung by Death ere he mou'd from the place.
Euen so whilst thou in Pleasures gardens stood,
Thy siluer lakes were turn'd to brookes of bloud;
Thy flouds of ioyes were turn'd to seas of teares,
And lightsome Mirth to interrupting Feares.

Thus cast from top of climing Dignitie,
Into the depth of darkest miserie,
The hungrie Earth deuour'd thee vp, alas,
As Corah, Dathan, and Abiram was:
Thy Anthemes, Trophees, and thy Excellence,
Were swallowed vp by startied Pestilence:
Thou wert consum'd with Death on every side,
As bold Belshazzar was amidst his pride.
Nought but *Threnodie* danc'd amidst thy throng,
Whereat Time wet his cheeke, and slunke along.

Corrupted London, Sinke of Surquedrie,
Thou that supports this yoke of miserie,
Impos'd vpon thee by th' Almightye Lord,
For the rejecting of his sacred word.
His Minaces brought no remorse to thee,
But sleptst secure in beds of Luxurie,
Feeding thy Will with Pleasures lustfull beite,
Did cast thy Soule the huskes of slie Deceit.

The Prophet *Ionah*, Troubler of the sea,
Sent by heau'n's King to sinfull *Ninive*:
So soone as he approch'd her streets so wide,
With vehement speech in vengefull spirit cri'de:

Time is a Turne-coate.

15

O Nineueh, thy monstrous fact's attoyde,
In fortie dayes else shalt thou be destroyde.
Then King and Commons ioyntly did agree,
With humbled hearts and zealous feruencie,
In mourning sackcloth seriously to pray
The worlds chiefe Judge, his burning wrath to stay:
(The brutish *Animals* which harmelesse be,
VVere taxed with this generall penaltie)
VVith bleeding soules and drearie countenance,
The glorie of the Highest did aduance;
Sincerely turning to Submission,
That he might turne from them Destruction:
So sweet attonement Mournings did affoord,
Restrain'd the stroke of his two-edged sword.

Not fortie dayes, but fortie yeares and more,
(Wherein thou mightist thy grieuous sinnes deplore)
Thousands of *Jonahs* sent by heau'n's great Lord,
In thee resolu'd to preach his sacred word:
Bonarges thundering in every street;
Thy deafe-charm'd sins would not his voice regret;
But Mole-like plung'd in slauish Lusts content,
On which the Lord inflicts a punishment.

As wise *Martha*, the *Syrian* Prophetesse,
With *Marius* caried through his wars successe;
By Necromancie in her Sacrifice,
Presag'd the trophies of his victories:
But once not tolerating her aduice,
He bought the day (too deare) with bloudie price.

16 Time is a Turne-coate.

So God hath sent his Angels from aboue,
Still to be resident with his sacred loue ;
Preaching the tidings of celestiall Ioy,
Which warres nor pestilence can ere destroy :
He conquered Death, and in his conquering brought
Life in thy death; yet thou serft him at nought :
Till he in wrath thy stubbornnesse conuict :
On grieuous sins, most grieuous plagues inflicts.

Foule noysome crimes in euery corner swarne,
Deadly-infectious wickednesse doth harme :
In every house and loose-led Families,
Are fostred vp these daun'd enormities ;
These take their place as chiefe, commanding all
Amongst thy precepts Oeconomicall :
Pride, Murther, Auarice, Vsurie, Deceipt,
With sauage Sodomie, hels alluring baite ;
Blasting Blasphemie, Rape and Crueltie :
These are the Actors in thy Tragedie :
Shrowding Tractates of viperous Poperie ,
Vnder the shades of ciuill Pollicie ,
Reiects the tidings of heau'ns Messengers ,
And quite subuerts the sacred Ministers .

Thy Widowes mourne opprest by cruell might :
Thy Orphanes weepe, dis-franchis'd of their right :
Thy Trades Mechanicall are tax'd so hie
With Rent and Lease they fall to penurie :
With craft thou grindst the faces of the poort ,
To feed thee fat, while they starue at thy doore .

Thou

Time is a Turne-coate. 17

Thou sitst in silke and costly soft array,
And viewes thy brother perishing in the way,
With pinching cold lye shivering on the ground,
To sow him coates no *Dorcas* can befound.
When thou perceiuest thy friends Extremitic
Traduc'd to Want by Fortunes casuallie :
Nescio, thou criest, no Mercie canst thou show,
No streames of Pitie from thy heart will flow:
To his penurious Lacke no succours sends:
When wealth declines, thy flattering friendship ends.

Xanthippus dogge condemnes thy sauageness,
Who, when his master iourneyed on the seas,
Swam by his ship euен from the shoarie land,
Till he arriu'd in *Salamina's* land,
And left him not till he the citie spied,
With wearied limis then laid him downe and died.
Thy Friend thou leauest in his deepe Distresse,
Wrapt in the waues of endlesse Carefulnesse:
Scorning Compassion, no Comfort bring;
But as the *Swallow*, Herald of the Spring,
Will sing with vs while Sommers beautie lasts;
But takes her flight when Winter breath's his blasts.
So while his Sommers-flourishing wealth doth flow,
Most firme in Friendship thou thy selfe wilt show;
And wilt conuerse in smooth-fram'd words each day,
Thy young pronounce suppos'd *Apocrypha*:
When Fortunes freezing frownes benum his store,
Thou art a Stranger, he thy Friend no more.

D

18 Time is a Turne-coate.

Thus weakest Wants the smalleſt Succors gaine,
The nakedſt Need the lateſt Helps obtaine :
How true is that which may be anſwered then?
More kindneſſe oft is ſhowne by Dogs, then Men.

Thou ſtudieſt ſtill *Inuention* to ſuffice,
And deckiſt thy ſelſe like *Protean Prodigies*,
In monſtrous ſhaſes, and gariſh rude attire,
Deuotes thy ſoule to ſwelling *Prides* deſire;
In worldy ioyes conuumeſt every day,
With Zeale affoarding ſcarce an houre to pray.
That christall Ice, which lends my bodie light,
Hath bene diſſolu'd to reares, depriu'd of ſight;
My hart-ſtrings broke with dolorous complaint,
My ſoule hath mourn'd in forcible constraint;
When I haue ambulated longſt the ſtreet,
And oſt this Monſter haue I chanc'd to meet:
A *Britaine* borne, bedight *Castilian*-wife,
A *Gaule* in ſhape, a *Thuscane* in diſguife;
His brauerie lin'd with eniuious *Pride*; at leaſt
A Man in forme, in facts a brutiſh Beast.
O that ^{*Semper la-}*Heraclitus* were reſident,
To powre foorth ſtreames of teares in ſad lament,
For *Albions* virgins, who from Grace do ſlide,
Surpaſſing *Sions* Daughters in their pride;
Prides ſhop it ſelſe full fraught with Fopperie,
May patterns draw from their Varietie.
As *Helen*'s ſhape, (the woſfull wracke of *Troy*)
Was brauely limned by *Apelles* boy,

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Time is a Turne-coate. 19

In rich attire, and sumptuous shining gold;
Yet foule in face, not amorous to behold.
So some resemble *Helens* picture here,
That bigly brag in gorgeous garments deare;
But nothing beautifull to *Reasons* eye,
Patch the defects of Natures pouertie;
Adorne with silkes, infuse them with perfumes,
Like ietting birds bedeckt with others plumes.

How canst thou thinke (thy sins growne vp so hie)
With haplesse hope t'escape Impunitie?
Canst thou resolute, that God will spare his hand,
To view such *Hydra's* fostred in thy Land?
No, no, his Wrath consumes like smoking firc,
Thou liest as Flaxe before his burning ire;
He'lle crop thee of from full Maturitic,
And cast thee foorth to bitter Miseric.
At his command, the sword shall ruinate,
Thy gates shall mourne, and streets be desolate,
Thy Citie grone, enthral'd with deepe distresse,
And Iam howle within thy Pallaces:
Satyres and *Apes* shall dance within thy bowers,
Ofriges and *Scrich.owles* crie in ruinous towers:
No voyce of *man* on thy wals shalt thou hearre,
Nor light of lampe in any house appeare.
Heau'n's grant thy heart t'affeit and feare this so,
As that thou neuer feele or taft this Wo.

Thy children deare in their quotidian sport,
Blasphemously the name of *God* extort;

20 Time is a Turne-coate.

Their battring oaths against the heau'ns rebound;
This hideous noise in house and street doth sound.
They scoffe *Elisha* in decrepit age,
With arrogance reuile the graue and sage;
Till *Ioue* sent foorth a she-Beare from his wood,
To gormandize on their decocted bloud.
How earnestly thou striu'st (for their defence)
To curbe them from contagious Pestilence;
For their soules health thou neuer takest care:
Such as the Parents, such the Children are.

Thy Trades-men watch to vndermine each other,
And early rise to circumuent their brother,
In buying, selling, traffiquing for gaines;
By which poore *Truth* impouerishment sustaines.
Thy head-strong Seruants impudently stray
From sin to sin, vpon the Sabbath day,
Heaping vp Mischiefes on themselues and thee,
Plucke on their heads earths iust Calamitie.
These are the swords of Desolatiōn,
These are the Agents in subuersion,
These are contagious Plagues, diseased, foule;
These are the sores and botches of thy soule,
These are ordures which noysomnesse affoord
Vp to the nosthrils of the glorious Lord :
These are the Scourges of thy leud offence;
These are th'Inductors of heau'ns Pestilence.

O *London*, then what terror went to see
Thy streets exempt of popularitie?

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Time is a Turne-coate. 21

And nought but cries and dolefull horrors yeeld,
Ore-growne with grasse as in the verdant field:
The master from his seruant snatch'd away,
The seruant from his master bearing sway :
The children fatherlesse each where were found,
The fathers childlesse in deepe Dolor drown'd:
The husband from his neare-espoused wife,
The trustfull friend bereaued of his life:
No kinsman scaping to interre his brother,
Not one scarce left to mourne and weepe for other.

Thy tender Virgins sprung from Natures grace,
(Who once adorn'd and beautifide the face
Of all thy streets, with rosiall visage bright,
As splendant Stars, a cleare and glorious Night:))
Besmear'd their pure and proper Lineaments,
With scalding Sighs, and pitifull Complaints:
Their Feature deck't with diffidentall Feares,
And drown'd in salt vntcestant-flowing Teares.
Thy Youth howl'd out, amaz'd themselues to see
Bereft of Vigor and Validitie.
Thy ramparts moufn'd, thy gates condol'd their state,
Because no stranger ingress e sought therreat,
To view thy stately Towers at solemine Feasts,
Replenish'd then with Owles and lothsome Beasts.
Thy paths breath'd sighes which did vntrampled lie,
No huge Recourse or Concourse walk'd thereby;
Nor scarce one foot-step figured on their face,
But clinging Brambles did vsurpe their place.

22 Time is a Turne-coate.

Thy streets which once with gloriousnesse did show,
Kneel'd as Homagers to solitarie Wo,
Where noble States obtain'd most free accessse,
Resembled then the vast of Wilderness.
Thy selfe didst weepe, yea weep in mournfull wise,
And faire Aurora visited with thy cries,
And from thy bitter anguish could not cease,
When Vesper drew to his declining easse.
Each bird and beast, with tranquile sleepe possest,
When Night appear'd, imbrac'd their vsuall rest:
But thou consum'dst the day in deepe Complaints,
Disturb'dst the night with loathsome Languishments;
Thy Eyes like two deepe Fountaines ay did run,
Whose brinie springs and stremes could not be done.
Thy friends admir'd at thy diseases fowle,
As fluttering birds flic wondring bout the Owle:
Amidst thy griefes thy Louers thee forsake,
Fled from thy sight, as from an Aspe or Snake:
Thy foes reioyc'd at this confusion,
Vsing thes termes with proud derision:
Is this that Mirror, reverenced with dutie?
Surnam'd, The full perfection of BEAUTIE?
Then hiss'd with hate, and clapt their hands to see
Thy Glorie spurn'd by pale Perplexitie.
Thus Wo was drawne thy badge, and Want thy crest,
And hungrie Famine did thy skirts inuest:
(For shee's the hand-maid of Calamitie,
Attending still on common Miseric.)

Thy

Time is a Turne-coate.

23

Thy tender infants young did gaspe halfe-dead
In mothers armes, for indigence of bread:
Thy worthie Magistrates high-grown in age,
Expected viols of *Jones* ardent rage,
To be powr'd foorth vpon them from aboue,
In not attending on his sacred loue.

Grizly *Thanatos* slinked through each street,
Waiting t'arrest each person he did meet;
Dragging him headlong to his centred caue,
Out of whose mouth no man himselfe can saue:
In harsh discordant sound each banefull Bell,
Rung foorth a *Requiem* with his dolefull knell:
No Prospect opposite to thy blear'd eyes,
But horrors, howlings, mournings, weepings, cries.
These are exterrnall Plagues to secret sin,
And most transparant to entrap thee in;
O these will drive each heart to hideous grones,
Though most inflexible, as flintie stones.

The constellation of the twinkling starres,
Nor the foure Humors with discordant iarmes;
The revolution of Comets bright,
Nor corrupt Meteors blasting in the night;
Nor yet the welking of a *Pleni-lune*,
From whence, *some* do the cause of death assume:
Nor distillations exhal'd by the Sunne,
Falling in mists, when *Vesper* hath begunne
To draw his fable Curtaines ore the skie,
Could be th'Efficient of this Miserie.

24 Time is a Turnē-coate.

No secundarie Cause, nor all of these,
Discuss'd at large in *Ephemerides*:
These are but Meanes, manag'd by heau'n's great King,
Though without meanes *he* comprehends each thing:
Alas, the venime of thy soules offence,
Poyson'd thy flesh with viproous Pestilence.

Phisitians Skill, nor *Galens* learned Art,
To whom the Heau'n's deepe Secrecies impart,
Could rightly censure, or discerne with eye,
The nature of this venomous Qualitie.
Strange are thy plagues, far stranger are thy crimes,
Most strangely nourished in these moderne Times.
Therefore the thought of this devouring Smart,
With feare may penetrate each Christians heart:
Deepe sad Remorse may aggrauate each one,
To waile his sins with sad Contrition;
Tadmire this Plague with lamentation,
Lament in faith with admiration;
Deeming his age the length of Natures span,
A Monarch now, to morrow not a Man.

Thou that didst flie from Heau'n's consuming spoile
To stand secure within the countries soile,
Know, that this Plague deuour'd from East to West,
God striketh where, and when he seemeth best.
The thirstie Sword doth watch without the gate,
Within the wals fierce Pestilence laies waite,
And boundlesse Famine which tormenteth all;
No path lies straight to shun their deadly thrall.

Thy

Time is a Turne-coate. 25

Thy firme-built walles, thy viands, house and ground,
Wherein thou wert inuelloped around;
Thy purged Aires, and pleasant Pallaces,
Could not protect thee from this darke Distresse.
If thou shouldest run vp to the mountaines steepe,
Downe to the wildernesse and deserts deepe,
Resoluing there to dwell secure and free;
He can pursue thee there with Miserie:
His Messengers more volatile then *Thoughts*,
Fore thou canst thinke, such Accidents are wrought:
In Sions Songs then David singeth well:
Heau'n can o're-take me if I runne to bell.

When thou resolud'st by flight to scape his hand,
Thy life and state in deepest dangers stand.
Like the *Viator* trauelling by the way,
Who meetes a Beare out-ranging for her prey,
Through vrgent passions shifteth from her clawes:
Then straight a Lion comes with wide-stretch'd iawes,
To lacerate his flesh, imbrude with gore,
Which strikes a deeper terror then before.
Yet by good hap pseuents the Lions rage,
And then with ioy holds on his pilgrimage:
But drawing neare to his abiding place,
(Fore-deeming not the Fates pursude in chace)
VVhen least he thought of such a timelesse smart,
A Serpents sting doth wound him to the hart.
So when thou thinkst to sleepe in safest rest,
Then art thou by Gods iudgements most supprest:

E

26 Time is a Turne-coate.

His sword can wound both woman, child, and man,
From North to South, from *Berſheba* to *Dan*;
T'is like a Shadow which a man eschues,
Swifter he runs, the faster it pursues.

Thou great Soldado, earths Magnifico,
That conquerſt ioy by *Lazarellō's* wo,
Heaping vp gold by each deceiptfull way,
Resoluing ſtill that thou ſhalt liue for ay;
At firſt, thou ſprangſt from a ſmall wombe of Sin,
At laſt, a little graue ſhall cloſe thee in:
Thou griping foole, the *Pefilence* this night,
Can wound thy corps, and burne thy hearts delight.

When king *Lifymachus*, through Fortunes hate,
By thirſt proiected to the *Scythians* ſtate,
And captiuated with his kingdomes all;
O beau'ns (quoth he) *how dreadfull is my fall,*
To yeeld great Prouinces and regall ſeate,
For liquide drops to quench my thirſtie heate.
So when thou riſeſt from eternall ſleepe,
And viewes Heau'ns glorie from the cole-blacke Deep:
Then wilt thou crie: *O wretched creature I,*
To loſe ſuch ioyes for carnall Vanitie;
For momentanie Pleaſures which decay,
To miſſe heau'ns Grace, ſo permanent for ay!
Then looke to Heau'n, whilſt thou on Earth doſt dwel,
And not (with *Dives*) when thou lieſt in Hell.
Too late, alas, to wiſh heau'ns glorious Light,
When thou art wrapt in blacke eternall Night;

When

Time is a Turne-coate. 27

When *Time* turns off his partie-coloured cote,
Thy soule in hell must howle a mournfull note.

Thou Vsurer, which Penurie dost racking,
And surfets in thy needfull neighbours lacke;
Thy Debtors watch with care, while thou dost sleepe;
Thy State sings *Requiem*, while their Senses weepe:
In nightly lucubrations spend their houres

To piffe thy Spunge, which all the drops deuoures,
Distilling from their browes with burd'ous griefe;
Not able scarce to minister reliefe

Vnto their children deare and familie:
Because thou suckest (with the sluggish Bee)
That Mel, which they in harbring hives wold keepe;
Clothing thy back, with wooll from their poore sheep.
What's this, but euen to kill and trucidate?

And all man-slaughtrys, God and Angels hate.

Thy state is match'd with Lillies in the field,
Which flourish now, and straight to withring yeeld:
Though thou in terrene Shadowes didst excell,
Yet shall not Gold redeeme thy soule from hell.

Then let this Sentence in thy sense remaine,

The sweetest Pleasures tast the sourest Paine:

Quodq; tibi nolles, aliis fecisse caueto:

Quodq; tibi velles, aliis praestare studeto.

Thou rauening Vlultur, gormandizing Kite,
Thou greedie Wolfe, which builds thy chiese Delight
On drossie, and drinkest the bloud of Periurie,
Feeding vpon the flesh of Crueltie:

28 Time is a Turne-coate.

Whose deep-delv'd throat of Gain deuours more food
Then do the *Amazons* or *Styrian* brood.
Thy dropsie-Conscience fweld with moist Desire,
The more it drinkes, the more doth still require:
Hunger torments thee midst abundant store,
Thou staru'st in Wealth, in Riches still art poore:
Like *Tantalus* which in the *Stygian* lies,
And sinkes in water, yet for moisture dies:
Like drudging *Indians*, which dig with paine
The golden Mines, yet others reapre the gaine:
Or *Pharaohs* Kine, who gormandiz'd vp cleane
The fat-fed Beasts, yet still themselues were leane.
The Day thou spendest in turmoiling paine,
Selling thy soule for temporarie gaine;
In deepe of Night, thy mind extraugates,
And wanders through the perillous gulfes and streits
Of *Ne're-enough*; when good men take their rest,
Thy restlesse Thoughts are tost, with cares possest:
Still pining *Pietie*, so leane in thee,
As is the big-bon'd bare Anatomie.
Thou plantest thornes in thy soules barren field,
Which nought but griefes and molestations yeeld;
Whereby not onely *Equitie* is choked,
And *Virtue* extirpated and reuoked;
But also stinging prickes spring sharpe and small,
That thou thy selfe art wounded therewithall:
Yet thou perceiu'st not, *All* goes well with thee,
So thou canst please thy hearts Rapacitie,

Which

Which is infatiat as Fire and Flood,
The last drinkes Raine, the first devours the Wood:
Or big-bon'd *Bebemoib* with vigour fraught,
Who thought t' exhale deepe *Iordan* at a draught.
Thus dost thou sing amidst thy weeping woes,
As moiles who feed with burdens and with blowes:
What else remaines, thy sensles neuer see,
(Profoundly cast into a Lethargie
Of *deepe-Desire*) till Death appears in sight,
Rowzing from sleepe thy solide-slumbring sprite.
O then how fearefull will it seeme to thee,
To be secluded from earths Vanitie!
Thy death will be faire terribler then hell,
Because in life, true Life thou didst dispell:
Most griping griefes and dolors shalt thou find,
To lose Earths *Idol*, which thou leau'st behind.

And when the Sun-set of thy youth drawes neare,
And occidentall Age begins t' appear,
Those ill-got goods, which *Auarice* did intend
To be preseru'd, lewd *Luxurie* shall spend;
That wealth whereon thy mouth did neuer tast,
Vnthrifte *Ganc* shall consume and waft.
Thus doth thy sin incurre a double sin,
Wherto thy soule (fore heau'n's great Bar brought in)
Shall answer as a thirstie Murtherer,
A swallowing Gulfe, a deepe Extortioner.
Not all that wealth which thou hast falsly won,
Can baile thy soule from fierie *Pblegeton*;

Time is a Turne-coate.

But will condemne thee in that dreadfull Day,
 And glutinate thy Soule with Hell for ay.
 O damned wretch, then fearefull is thy state:
 These words pronounc'd, Repentance haps too late:
Abi, thou cursed to eternall fire,
Imbrace the flames of due-deserved hire.
 Then know: though ne're so sweet Earths *Syrens* sing,
An upright Conscience is a sacred Thing.
 As wormes cannot corrode the *Laryx* tree,
 Which neuer rots, nor scarce can burned be;
 So neither Hell nor Horror, Worme nor Sting,
 Can fret thy Conscience guarded strong within.

Thou that in *Sicknesse* wilt thy sins deplore,
 That neuer did imbrace good Thought before;
 Or at the obiect of a blazing *Starre*,
 Fore-dooming, that some Judgement is not farre,
 Wilt then to mournfull deprecations rise;
 But being banish'd from thy restlesse eyes,
 And nine dayes past, thou hast recourse amaine,
 With dogs and swine, vnto thy filth againe.
 But if thou wilt redeeme thy soule from hell,
 Weepe for thy sins, and mourne whilst thou art well:
 When Death hath stung, there is no time to pray,
But live in Death, or die in Life for ay.

Thou that surmounts in pompous dignitie,
 In Pleasure, Beautie, Wealth, and Brauerie;
 In Luxurie thy precious Time dost spend,:
 Remember, that these Shadowes must haue end:

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Time is a Turne-coate. 31

And that, from whence thou reapedist chiefe delight,
With loathsomeſſe ſhall worke thee worst deſpite.
Like to *Tarpeia's* bracelets bright of gold,
For whom, with Guile the *Romaines* caſtell ſold
Vnto the *Sabines*, won by trecherous Fate:
But yet theſe bracelets brought her generall hate,
Wherewith at laſt her ſelſe was preſt to death,
And quite bereft of vitall ſenſe and breath.
So Pleaſures preſſe thee downe to gauling Griefe,
Or glance away, and leauē thee ſans reliefe;
Like ranging Hawkes that ſoare in loftie ſkie,
With ſwift-wing'd flight from Lure of Falkners hie.

Demofthenes that famous *Grecian*,
Fau'ring faire *Lais*, *Corinths* Curtiſan;
Moſt vehemently deſir'd (by Fancie fed)
To haue acceſſe vnto her brothell bed:
Whom ſhe deſir'd three hundred crownes to ſend,
If luſtfull *Will*, her wiſh would apprehend:
High beau'ns for bid (quoth he) that hote *Desire*,
Should beape ſuch flames to Pryaps burning fire:
Though Luſt allures, yet doth true *Virtue* hate,
To buy Repentance at ſo deare a rate.
This heathen Mole, had Reasons eyes to ſee,
That Paine attends on Pleaſures ſurquedrie.

The buzzing *Bee* that ſings in Autumnnes field,
Doth from her labour, waxe and honie yeeld,
Which to mans ſenſes, many comforts bring;
Yet in her taile there lurkes an angrie ſting.

Time is a Turne-coate.

So Pleasure hath her hony of Desire,
 Inflaming waxe dissolu'd in Follies fire:
 But yet behind a dreadfull sting remaines,
 Which wounds the heart, enwrapt with Fancies pains:
 Her meager ioynts are tentred on *deepe Cares*,
 Her vigor rack'd on *imbecile Despaires*:
Times reuolution frets her pleasing prancks,
 As waters wash and weare away their bancks.
 And as the dew from heau'n to earth affign'd,
 By heate exhal'd, or scattered with the wind:
 Or christall bubbles which on riuers play,
 With agitation vanish quite away:
 Or Characters deciphered foorth on sand,
 Which by Eluuion perisheth out of hand;
 So Earths mask'd Ioyes but for a moment last,
 And soone extin& by *Times* oft-changing blast.

Peruse the Songs of sweet-toung'd *Salomon*,
Israels great King, faire *Iuda's* Paragon,
Sions Melodes, the sourse of Sapience,
 Bedewd with drops of sacred influence;
 For whom the *Sabian* Queene did iourney farre,
 To view the splendor offo bright a Starre:
 When he had heaped millions vp of gold,
 Erected buildings glorious to behold;
 And planted trees, fed with sweet fluent Springs,
 And treasures won by captivated Kings;
 And singers with harmonious melodic,
 Concording in *Amphyans* simphonic;

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Time is a Turne-coate.

33

And all delights which Reason could devise,
Were set as Obiects to his restlesse eyes :
O vaine (quoth he) *is all the Earths delight,*
But pictur'd Glosses, and disturbe the Sprite:
I now discerne by Faiths celestiall eye,
Pleasure's but vaine, most vaine, and Vanitie:
For with *Times turne* their semblant Beautie's gone,
Whirl'd round with Change, as *Syssiphus* rolling stone.
Thus mans Delights, and earths Felicities,
Are but euen pleasant-seeming *Vanities*.

In *Turne of Time* all Creatures shall decay,
(For *Time* it selfe in time must passe away)
The winged-people of the various Skie,
The scalie Troupe which in the Surges lie;
The heau'ns, the earth, and seas shall burne to nought:
(Not to that *Chaos*, whence they first were brought)
The Worlds great Synode formally combin'd,
With pure celestiall *Fire* must be refin'd.

Don Phabus Steeds their glistering coach must stay,
The burnish'd Gates include heau'ns *Bright* from Day,
The Stars, and *Phabe*'s feuer-shaking Light,
Shall maske their Beauties from the dismall Night :
The *Comets*, *Meteors*, with each *Hemi-sphaare*,
To worke strange Operations shall forbear.
Old white-hair'd *xp̄bos*, with strikt compas'd pace,
Must cease to course his artificiall Race:
The Sea, the Floud, the Spring, and watrie Lake,
Must by *Times turne* their liquide Caues forsake,

F

Which from the Cesternes of the Center deepe,
 Through Earths wide Nerues in curbed maner creepe.
 The flourishing *Ver*, and fruitfull *Autumnes* grace,
 The icie Vizard of breme Winters face;
 The Yeare, the Month, the Houre, the Night, the Day,
 Shall subiect stand to *Heau'ns* Catastrophe: (turne,
Heau'ns wondrous Works, which thus in strictnesse
 When *Pan* appears, in sulphur'd flames must burne.
 All Wights that wander through this Orbe below,
 Must pay that summe which they to Nature ow:
 All must dissolute, euen from the Cedar tall,
 Vnto the Hylope, springing on the wall, (note,
 When heau'ns loud Trump shal sound Earths summing
 And *Time* turns off his rain-bow coloured cote.

But *Aies* brood, true Modell of the *Maker*,
 That Angel-like of ioyes are made partaker;
 Indude with *Reason*, Dangers to eschue,
 Iudicily *Times* Accidents to view:
 Casting an eye to things past and forgone,
 To suprauise th'Euent's ensuing on;
 By retrogredience to *Times* heighth and fall,
 In their progredience can discerne them all:
 These that in portraiture all Shapes excell,
 Must mount to heau'n, or flutter downe to hell.

Therefore let *Reason* feruently apply
 His soule to liue, as still prepar'd to die;
 In all essayes his heart vprightly bend,
 As one that swiftly marcheth to his end:

Though

Time is a Turne-coate.

35

Though he on Earth all worldly Pleasures haue,
Yet let him deeme one foot still in the graue.
The valiant souldier marching longst the plaine,
Couragioufly, to his immortall gaine,
Assaults his foes, and neare to them doth come,
Although most neare ensues his banefull doonie;
Swifter he marcheth them with blowes to spend,
The swifter still approcheth to his end:
Desire of Fame kindles an ardent rage,
While leane-fac'd *Death* attends him as a Page;
Yet arm'd in heart, of furniture well sped,
Resolues to die in Honors valorous bed.

This world's a warfare, thou a souldier,
Wherein thou striu'ſt to stand Deaths conquerer,
Contending with hels Dragons damned hoast,
From woes to ioyes, from ioyes to woes ytoſt.
Without, the World allures thee with Delight;
Within, foule Sin thy intellectuall ſpirit
Suggests; and opposite to thy darke Eye,
(T'entangle thee) ſlie Sathan's engines lye:
Behind, a ſtrict-bound Conſcience clogs thy heele;
On thy right hand, mounts *Fortunes* loftie wheel;
And on the left, *Aduerſtie* doth waite,
To feed thy Thoughts with Cares penurious baite:
Vnder thy feete, the Graue doth gape each houre,
With wide-stretch'd mouth to ſwallow and deuoure;
And ore thy head, Heau'n's heauie Iudgements lie,
Prepared ſtill to be powr'd foorth on thee.

F 2

Then not vnaptly graue learn'd Writers call
Thee, *Μικροβόος*, or *Small world of thrall*.

Thy state of life may be compared thus;
Vnto the Mariner, in stormes dangerous:
(When blustring *Aeolus* opes his vented Caues,
And *Neptunes* rorall beard's bedasht with waues:) He viewes the Heau'ns ore-vail'd with pitchie cloudes,
Huge tempests rise, each beast in shelter shroudes;
And foaming billowes beating against his Barke,
Then waites each houre, to diue in Deluge darke.
But when *Dan Titan*, with bright golden ray
Doth guil'd the pale-greene Pallace of the sea,
And with his purging Fire refines the skie,
He skips with ioy for his deliuerie.
So in this Orbe thou sail'st through seas of Woes;
Againe, with pride scornes Fortunes ouerthrowes:
Oft Fortune stormes, and her cleare Sun-shine failes,
Then Joy retires with wofull-battred failes.
Thus art thou subiect to *Times turne*, and *Fate*,
To be transform'd in Person, Life, or State:
For *Time* can turne to set the World on flote,
And straight can vrge him sing poore *Niobs* note.
If th' *Embryo* foreknew these woes, intomb'd
Within thewals of his deare Mothers wombe;
If he could see, before he sees heau'n's Light,
Earths Languishments, as Obiects to his sight;
Would ne're contend to ope the Matrice wide,
By Generation naturally to glide

From

Time is a Turne-coate.

37

From tranquile Calme, to surging seas of Care; T
From silent Mansion, to a masse of Snares: 2
But rather wish in darke Oblivion cast 3
Without a Being, then on Earth be plac'd, 4
To gaze vpon the Suns bright Orient, 5
His Beames, Meridian course, and Occident; 6
The worlds delights would hold in spitefull scome, 7
Intirely wishing he should ne're be borne. 8

This was obserued by the *Drausians*, 9
And as an Axiome high decretall stands: 10
That when a Babe from fruitfull wombe did rise, 11
Would mourne, weepe and lament in wondrous wise: 12
For that they knew, he was brought foorth to stand 13
In this fraile Orbe, as on the shiuering sand, 14
Readie to sink into the depth of Feares, 15
Enuiron'd round with intricate Despaires. 16
But when one died, then gladly they reioyce, 17
With rauishing Musicks-symphonizing voices: 18
In this respect, they held him then set free, 19
From out the vale of cankred Miserie. 20

Thus *Man* by Nature is conceiu'd in two, 21
From generatiue Seed continues so, 22
Still turn'd about with *Times* soft motion, 23
Disturbed-wise, as *Syssibus* rolles his stone; 24
Or boyling *Eurypus*, which hurles along 25
With neuer-ceassing Agitation: 26
Fast marching forward like a Souldier braue, 27
Yet step by step descends fast to his graue, 28

F 3

38 Time is a Turne-coate.

Till the last trauell of his mother Earth,
Shall purge him with regeneratiue Birth.

*But in earths warre, prepare heau'ns furniture,
That in thy death, of life thou maist be sure.*

As Nauigators first forgo the sight
Offriends, and next, of cities faire and bright:
And finally, lanch out from banke and shore,
With resolution ne're to see them more.
So Man's depriued first of Infancie,
Next, of his Youth and strong Virilitie:
In fine, out-worne with his vnwealdie Age,
Lefeth the sight of this Orbis spacious stage:
When hoarie Eld his stooping backe doth bend,
With concau'd eyes viewes then his rest and end.
Thus (*pedentim*) Man exhales his breath,
If not preuented by immediate Death:
Euen as the Dials shade, depos'd from Rest,
In one dayes space doth course from East to West;
By circumuersion sliily passeth by
Gradatim wise, yet not discern'd with Eye.
So *Man* cratles on twixt earth and heau'ns bright raies,
Towards the west and welking of his daies:
Yet knowes not when grim Death shall stop the race
Of his lifes houres, moving with gentle pace;
As nothing is more sure then losse of Breath,
So nought's vnsurer then the kinds of Death.

Æternæ Lex hath sacredly described,
(From whence th'event of Life and Death's deriuued)

A

Time is a Turne-coate.

32

A generall vniiformall path from Wombe,
But various by-waies to the graue and tombe.
As diuers ships lanch from one port and deepe,
Yet sundrie waies vpon the Surges fweepe.
Some bound for East to frost-bit *Scythia*,
Others for West to faire *America*,
Some subiect saile to *Austers* briefe controules,
Others range through breeeme *Boreas* frozen poles:
So all atchieue one entrance from their birth,
But various passage to their grandam Earth.

How many plunge to trifall timelesse fall,
(As may appeare by proofes Authenticall)
By Murther, Shipwracke, Beasts, Eluuion,
By Fire, by Sword, by Wars confusion:
By Famine, Pestilence, (Earths Miserie)
By wondrous Accidents throwne downe from hie;
By Thundring, Lightning, Tempests that arise,
By desperate Sprites and dainned Fallacies;
By Ioy, by Penurie, by Wealth, by Wo,
Some apprehend vnnaturall ouerthrow:
By Nonnage, Youth, Old-age, some strangely hie
To the darke Mansion of Obscuritie.

Young *Drusus Pompey*, *Claudius* lineall heire,
Amidst his sport was choaked with a Peare:
Eurypides was torne with dogs alone,
Anacreon stifled with a Raifins stone:
And *Catulus* pursuing timelesse death,
With stinking smoke did suffocate his breath.

40 Time is a Turne-coate.

When *Marius* souldiers swiftly did pursue,
Imbrac'd this death, a better to eschue.
Valerius, *Carnus*, Emp'rois great throughi might,
Perished by thunder and celestiall Light:
Plinie was burnt by wondrous fires, that blaz'd
From mount *Vesuvius*, whereon still he gaz'd,
To comprehend the nature of that light,
Wherewith his dayes were consummated quite:
And hundreds mo, which might in tragicke verse
Be instanced, too tedious to rehearse.

Thus various stands *Times* imminent turne of Men,
They know to die, yet know not where, nor when.
The heau'n's bright Eye knowes whē t'include his raies,
But *Man* knowes not the *Vesper* of his daies:
So whether thou incline to Good or Ill,
Or frame thy heart to Natures wilfull Will;
Or plant such trees, which bring foorth bitter fruit
In thy Soules soyle, following with hote pursuit
Earths soure-sweet *Pleasures*, various in their taſts;
Yet still thy Lampe combusts, thy lifes Oyle waſts:
Wheeling about with blasts of whirl-wind *Time*,
To Deaths darke den of dust and putride slime.
Admit, thou reapſt Youths flouriſhing verdant flours,
And ouer-runne the glasse of *Nefors* hours:
Yet at the laſt, Lifes roote will withered be,
And ſtocke traduc'd to groſſe Morofitie:
The Sap once dried, Life iſtantly is gone,
Euen as a Dreame, or Apparition.

And

Time is a Turne-coate.

41

And as greene fruites by ripenesse fall from tree,
Or sparkes, which of them selues extinguish'd be;
So *Nature* must thy fruitlesse branches send
To the succincting Period of their end.
Then let this Dish be seru'd last at thy Feasts:
Memento mori, VTR INCERTUS ES.

He that his Soule to sinfulnesse doth bend,
Let him recount the Sorrowes of his End;
Whē heau'ns shril Trump shal rowz him frō his sleep,
And Goates sequestred from the harmlesse Sheepe:
Before the generall Judge shall he be brought.
To plead *Peccauit* for each triuall Thought:
Like his life, shall be his Death and end,
VVhat Death abandons, Judgements apprehend:
VVhat Life and Death in Good or Ill defrayes,
The Judge in iudgement to his Soule repayes.
Heau'ns work-men then their wages shall be paid,
VVhen slouthfull slugs in Dungeon shall be laid;
VWhere *Fire* shall burne, yet not consume them quite,
Nor to their comfort yeeld them any Light,
There shall they die in life, and liue to die,
Such Horrors waite on hels Eternitie.

O *London*, meekely prostrate on thy knee,
Fore heau'ns great King with pure Sinceritie;
Reuolve his praise, (Creator of that *Day*,
VWherein the Organs of thy Senses play)
VWho hath preseru'd thee from Sedition,
From thirstie Sword, and staru'd Occision:

G

Time is a Turne-coate.

Better it is a thousand times for Sin,
To fall into the hands of God then men:
For brunt of fierie Wars are merciless;
But God in mercie will thy woes redresse:
This caus'd the princely Prophet wars refuse,
By inspiration Pestilence did chuse.

Thou that art poisoned with this fierce disease,
And fierie torments furiously increase,
If all exterrnall Remedies were gone,
Haue thou recourse to heau'n Phisition:
Perfume the inward roomes of thy Desires,
With sauours sweet, and holy-heated Fires:
Moisten thy couch with teates for thy offence,
To quench the flames of burning Pestilence:
Sing sadly foorth to Heau'n this sacred Dittie,
Thus stirre Iehoua to soules-sauing pitie:
If thou shouldest search the poisoned heart of man,
If thou in Judgement shouldest his iudgements scan:
If thou shouldest view how vile his Nature is,
If thou shouldest notice take what's done amisse:
Then would his name be written in the aire,
Then would Oblivion wrapp him in Despaire;
Then would be ne're atchieue Heau'n crowning Fame,
Then would in hell be charactred his shame.
O mightie Ioue, omnipotent in Might,
O, I Earths-worme craule fore thy gracious sight:
O God, ô King of kings maiesticall;
O who can stand, when thou commandest to fall.

Tby

Time is a Turne-coate. 43

Thy Grace shines perfectt individuall,
Thy glorious Power extends it selfe to all:
Thy Mercies passe the numbers of the sand,
Thy Fountaines flow, thy Wel-springs never stand.
Turne downe thine Eye, behold my mournfull grieves;
Turne these my christall teares to Pearles of life:
Turne backe thy face from my corruptions;
Turne these corrections to destructions.
My Soule surmounts Aurora's dew-moist Larke,
My Sense is kindled with a sacred Spärke,
My Heart is rapt aboue the third Degreee,
My Sprite with lostie euolence flies to thee.
Thou art that Balme, wherewith my soule is cured,
Thou art that Law, whereto my heart's adiured,
Thou art that Moun, whereon my sprite must rest,
Thou art that House, wherein my Sense lynes blest.
Then will thy soules Phisitian come to thee,
Ministring Mercie to thy miserie,
And cheare thy Senses with supernall Food,
Which shall redound to thy immortall good;
Thy heart will then desire (amongst the blest)
To be dissoluued, and to sleepe in rest:
And as the Sunne's most swift at his descending,
So shalt thou be most blessed at thy ending.
London, with teares thy grieuous sins lament,
Thy flintie heart with humblenesse relent.
With fastings, mournings, greet him by the way,
Preuent his plagues with spacious *Ninue*;

Time is a Turne-coate.

And purge the inward *Man* of foule Offence,
That *God* may purge thee of this *Pestilence*:
Imbrace his Loue as sweet Preseruatiue,
If in heau'ns *Eden* thou dost meane to thriue.

Discute that damn'd-aspiring Enemie,
That puf-teerne-dropſie-fwelling furquedrie
Of *Selſe-conceit*, which suffocates thy Soule,
And in thy Heart doth *Puritie* controule:
Leſt thy Selſe-ruine ſo be brought to paſſe,
As to the *Basiliske*, which in a glaffe
Beholds his beautie long, vntill at length
He be deprived of his vitall strength;
And whiles the glaffe his beautie foorth doth ſend,
His owne reſlecting-poison workes his end.
Or leſt thy Springs be turn'd to Gulſes of blood.
And Beautie drown'd in faire *Narcifſus* flood.
To muſe on Heau'n thy Senses eleuate,
To walke vpright, thy Spirit animate.

Let not heau'ns *Light* obscure thy dazeled eye,
And be the Deaths-man to Virilitie;
Let not th' *Ambaſſage* of the glorious Lord,
And powerfull Eſſence of his ſacred VVord,
(Lifes pure *Elixer*, Sun-shine of thy Day,
VVhich can with Joy, Hearts corafues allay)
Harden thy heart, and eke thy ſoule compell,
To tread the broad-beat-path that leades to hell:
As ſcorching *Titan* with his ardent ray,
Difſolues the waxe, and obdurateſ the clay,

So

Time is a Turne-coate.

45

So doth Heau'ns voice the humane heart relent,
Or workes it harder then the sparkling Flint.
Approou'd by Pharaoh, who would neuer grant
(His heart being clos'd in tombes of Adamant)
A free dislisment to poore Israel,
But did the Legate of heau'n's Lord dispell;
And aginst his Prophet did peruerfly stand,
Till Ione sent foorth strange plagues vpon his land.
So hath thy Toad-swe'd proud rebellious hart,
Increas'd the rigor of thy generall smart;
Which at thy gates hath forc'd Intrusion,
To thy Conuersion, or Confusion.

Therefore in loue gush out pure stremes of teares,
Enuiron round thy heart with sacred Feares;
And to renounce thy crimes with Zeale intend,
Leſt Heau'n reſerve thee to a fearefull end.
Shake hands with Sin, and bid him now, Farewell,
Prepare thy Soule with Godlinesse to dwell;
Redeeme that Time which thou haſt lewdly ſpent;
In this Times-turne, with Faith be penitent:
For Heau'n hath ſent thee to thy ſoules deſire,
More blessings then earths Nature could require;
So many Graces to thy hearts Content,
Which to the World doth argue wonderment.
But ſith from him thou turnedſt backe thy face,
He turn'd these Mercies to thy deepe disgrace;
And tedious Taxes fastned on thy head,
In that thy Pride was not abandoned:

G 3

46 Time is a Turne-coate.

But still relapse from Grace, and fall from Truth;
The Nerves of Age, the Complements of Youth.
You immane *Atheists* who in darknesse dwell,
To horride Diuels the damned Centinell:
Affoarding Nature that sole high renowne,
Which natures Author weareth as a crowne:
Old grandam Earth doth loath your noysome breath,
That die in life, and liue, to liue in death:
Th'insatiat Gulfe prognosticates your merits,
It grieues the Aire to feed your vitall spirits.
Can new-borne Sucklings frame their steps to go?
Can Youth, graue Eld Experiences show?
Can the Purple, his learned Tutor teach?
Can the damn'd Reprobate heau'ns Towers reach?
Can the Pallace direct the Framers hand,
To build so firme, that it for ay might stand?
Or can base *Nature*, cauteriz'd with shame,
Abstract one Iod from *Jones* great glorious name?
Can abie& Dust (by heau'ns predestinate,
Though collocated in Angellike state)
Assume or derogate that Worke diuine,
Which can to nought but filthinesse incline?
With terror muse, with trembling cogitate;
To higher Thoughts your soules exasperate.

Heau'n is the Justicer of Natures hart,
Nature's the workmanship of heau'ns great Art,
Art is the roote of humane natures Skill,
Skill letteth loose the reines of Natures Will,

Will

Time is a Turne-coate. 47

Will workes th' Effects of Natures owne decay,
Decay must Nature, God perfists for ay.
How could her power confirme Times Accident,
Turning sad woes with ioyes circumferent?
How could th' Effect without th' Efficient,
Redound these glorious graces imminent,
To Albions comfort, by Iehona wrought,
When Hope lay frustrate of aspiring thought?
Then, when the Zodiacke of Earths Sun was ended,
And our Horizon on the Fates attended,
Who rob'd Apollo of that fairest Faire,
Whose bright Meridian guilded Albions Aire:
Yet of aires benefitte it selfe deprived,
From frozen Pole a brighter Sun reuived;
It led to th' Occident of fatall Rest,
A clearer Orient started out from West.
Againe, to mixe the poyson of Annoy,
With her delightsome cordials of Ioy,
Amidst her chearefull wines to mingle in
The bitter Potion of the dregs of Sin.

Now search your hearts, in heart imagine now,
Hels deepe damnation branded on your brow.
O gaze to heau'n, grouel not on the ground,
Earth you corrupts, in Heau'n all ioyes are found:
Heau'n is the hauen of true perfect rest,
Heau'n is that place assignd to the blest,
Heau'n tendrethi all, that do heau'n's Truth auerre,
Heau'n trophies yeelds to Natures Conquerer.

Therefore awake from th' Ecstasie of Shame,
By earthly Conquest, purchase heau'nly Fame:
Out of your hearts Earths drugs evaucuate,
To heau'ns great All, all praises arrogate:
Accurst to Hell such as ~~Esopus~~^{Reu'les} ~~XVII~~^{De rebus},
Do calcitrare against the gates of Heau'n.

Now sith, o *Albion*, *Love* hath full decreed,
To send thee succour at thy extreme need,
Shrowding thee vnder his Al-couering wing,
And still protecting thee from Sorrowes sting;
Be gratefull therefore to his Soueraigne Might,
Who alwaies held thee gracious in his sight.

In thee no rumors runne of ciuill warres,
Nor of Sedition and tumultuous iarres;
But all with ioynt applause do sing of Peace,
Of plenteous Autumnes, and a sweet Increase:
(O sacred *Peace*, by thee are onely found
Th' exceeding ioyes, that euery where abound!
Thankes, *sacred Love*, that hath sent vs a King,
Who turns our Winter, to a gladsome Spring.

Now *Mars* may drag his Ensignes in the dust,
His Adamantine coate may lye and rust:
Brablings Bellona now her broyles may stay,
And in her sacrificing Temple play,
Turning shrill Cries, to tunes of Musickes sound;
Harsh Discord now, with Concord sweet is drown'd.
For *Phaebus* Lute descants a new-found note,
Wherat Time skips, and turns his Protean Cote.

Now

Time is a Turne-coate. 49

Rippe vp the wombe now of the fertile field,
And prune thy trees whose graffes abundance yeeld:
Now may great *Pan* trauerse the verdant woods,
To view the springing plants and sprouting buds.
Now may the shepheards when they chanceto meete,
Trip ore *Narcissus* with their trampling feete:
Now may they dance their rusticke roundelaies,
Now *Philomele* may warble on the spraies:
Now sweld-cheekt *Tibronbus* midst his vines may swim,
And fill *Castalian* bowles vp to the brim.
Now may thy ful-fraught shippes for Merchants gaine,
Deuide the furrowes of the watrie Plaine;
Neptune who knockes his curl'd-locks against the skie,
Hath now resign'd his full Supremacie.
Now may earths *Load-starres* (ore-vail'd by Night)
Without disturbance spread their sparkling *Light*:
For *Pharus* Lute quauereth a heauenly note,
To make *Time* dance in his *Camelion* cote.

Honor late clos'd in tombes of Infamie;
Now burne pure lampes of Generositie:
Truth once ore-caft with cloudes of Errors strong,
Shall now appeare with grace in thickest throng.
Virtue reuiue, thou Mirror of thy Race,
Thrown by malignant Sprites to low Disgrace,
And prostitute to Fates exorbitant,
When *Shrubs* ore *Cedars* grew predominant.
Awake *Renowne*, great heire of Chivalrie,
Spread out thy Name, though in earths womb dost lie:

50 Time is a Turne-coate.

Hence old *Oblivion*, claspe thy black-leau'd Booke,
Vertue disdaines in thee t'affoord a looke:
Gainst hels despite, her beames on earth shall shine,
Though registred amongst the Saints diuine:
While solide dromedarie Sprites shall be
Blind Homagers to base-bred Progenie;
Who once seem'd bright, stamped with Honors mark,
Like glittring Glow-wormes glimpong in the darke;
Fretting their gangren'd scars, shall lye halfe-drown'd,
With inundation of Disgraces found:
For *Phæbus* fingers strike a sacred note,
Constraining *Time* to turne his sable-cote.

Thou worlds-Confusion, thou rust-fretting *Spite*,
Deflowring *Vertue* and her Virgins-right,
With stretched Stratageines, and Forgeries,
As trecherous Centinels raise false descries:
To please thy selfe, *Melpomens* musicke sings,
By making Kings poore vassals, vassals kings.
Times past, thy crue and Machiauellian Race,
Constrain'd the Horse, to serue the seruile Ass;
Superficiall syllogismes propounding still,
Wrested *Truths* key to ope thy cankred Will.
Thy quelling hand suppressed huge-growne Okes,
T'abide the brunt of base-bred Pefants strokes,
Poysoning the fluent streames of Honors *Spring*,
With thy infectious venim'd aspish sting:
(If *Richard* had not bene by Enuie led,
Braue Buckingham had never lost his head.)

Thou

Time is a Turnē-coate. 51

Thou pale-fac'd Fate, thou Minister of haimes,
Inueigling *Dian* with suppos'd Alarines :
Then, when the wide-mouth'd Beasts purfude in chase
The light-foot *Roe*, tripping with nimble pace,
To escape the chaps of those *Hart*-senting hounds,
Stript through the Plaines of *Dians* sporting grounds:
But yet the yels of their foot-following cries,
Incens'd the Goddesse with a deepe surmisse;
That, *through her Walkes without respect be rones,*
Spoiling her siluer Fountaines, Shades and groves.
Whereat she storming, snatcht her stiffe-steel'd bow,
With quiuier-bearing Might did wound this *Roe*:
O *Dian* faire, yet foule disastrous Lucke,
To foile faire Play in foiling of this *Bucke*!
So soone as he receiu'd this lethall blow,
Heart-trembling Feare, and Sense-appalling Wo,
Rudely rusht through the Heard disturbed-wise,
With vlvulations, shrikes, and Mandrake-cries:
Thus woodly ranging, these exclaims foorth powred:
The Beautie of our beanteous Breed's deflowered!
The Syluanes eyes distil'd pure christall Teares,
And *Dians* Nymphs rent their dishealed haires:
The Cedar (mal-content) hung downe his head,
The dwarfie Shrub did quake astonished:
Th'aspiring hils sad mournfull murmures sended,
The dales cride (*woes*) before their woes were ended;
Their daughter *Echo* with her tripled Tong,
Did Tel-tale-like reduplicate this wrong:

52 Time is a Turne-coate.

Through rocks and groves this tatling newes did fling,
Which caus'd the concav'd vastie anters ring.

Pan wakening with these vniuersall cries,
Began to start, presaging Tragedies;
And gazing mongst his flockes on champion ground,
Espide his *Faire* strucke downe with mortall wound.
Then bloud-congealing Feare enwrapt his hart,
Each actuall Sense forgat to act his part;
And Natures functions slackt their vsuall charge,
From whence lifes Organs force free passage large.
Thus ouer-queld with palsey-quivering Dread,
Pluckt vp the sluice and floud-gates of his head,
From whence gush'd foorth a Pleni-tide of teares,
Which trickling down,hurl'd through his snow-white
But vitall Motions being reduc'd againe, (hairs.
Inioyn'd Hearts-bloud to course through every veine;
Then Sighs and Words (confus'd) did issue foorth,
Like blustring stormes from cloud-dispelling North:
Ech word breath'd sighs,each sigh braith'd out a word,
Euen as the treasurie of his Thoughts was stor'd:
While blasting Feare,his branching Nerves did kill,
Quauered this *Trenos* on his rusticke Lill.

Thus he began: What Death-presaging Starte?
What monstrous Meteor, or sphæricall Iarre?
What blacke disastrous Planet blasts from skie
T' infect these woods? What envious Destinie
Hath thus conspir'd my Paragon to slay,
My flockes chiefe Guide,Conductor of their way?

Light

Light to mine eyes, Ease to my burdened hart,
Sweet Delian Musick to asswage my smart;
Sap to the Plants, sweet lustre to each Flower,
Faire Flora's Ioy seated in fragrant bower:
Phaebe intrail'd him with a loue-sick grace,
And with a simile *Titan* adorn'd his face.
Ver's sweet Blossome, *Daphne's* fairest Faire,
Queene Clores Pride, and Natures best-fram'd Heire;
Nay, Natures selfe, her selfe hath foil'd to frame him:
But Sighs haue drown'd my Tong, it canot name him:
Silence seares vp my lips they must not open,
While raging Thoughts perforce my brains haue brokē
But oh, what foaming flouds beate gainst my brest:
How are the waters of deepe woes increas'd:
Now, now, p^r violence their streams burst out,
Though with a thousand floud-gates hem'd about.
I must speake I, though with *Pythagoras* Ring
My mouth were seal'd: *Necessitie rules a King.*

Mis-led Diana, mis-informed Queene,
What furious Nymph did animate thy teene?
What ouer-ruling Fate, ore-rul'd thy hand,
To strike the fairest that tript on scorching sand:
Ore-ruled *Goddesse*, yet ore-ruling All,
Ore-rul'd, t'approoue this ouer-ruling Thrall.
O would thy sincewes had bene loosened so,
As thy stiffe armes could not haue bent thy bow,
O that thine eyes had slackt their instant sight,
That to thy shaft gaue iust-directed Flight.

*A*ccurst that *Bird*, who foorth her plumes did fling
*N*ext to that *Shaft*, whose roote of whisking wing,
S. its quaffing *Iuice*, till *Ioy* with *Sorrow* singeth;
*E*ke rules the Earth, and earths Confusion bringeth:
*R*aising vp one, basely deiecting other,
 And sowing Variance twixt *Man* and his brother:
 I say accurst, who beateth her flaggering wing,
 To make it sing and weepe, to weepe and sing.
 O that thy nimble fingers wide had slipped,
 Til he might through some vncouth paths haue skipped
 From dint of *Dart*, remote a distant space
 From plotting *Foxe*, *Wolfe*, and abieccted *Asse*.
Wishes are wind: ay me, that Darling's slaine,
 Whose crimson bloud thy christal brookes doth staine.
 His waxen Shape so true proportioned,
 Lives now to *Ioue*, to rurall *Syluanes* dead;
 Who once was deem'd (before this tragicke part)
 The pure subsisting *Essence* of thy heart.
 The Satyres left their Cels t'affoord him dutie,
 The Faunies leapt, as rauished with his beautie,
 The forrest gods rude rusticke Carols chanted,
 The ietting Birds on spraires and branches vanted:
 Warbling his praise, this sweet-stretcht straine did sing:
This is the king of Heards, the heards great King.
 Once thou didst grant *him* licence free to roue,
 Through euery valley, mountaine, shade and groue;
 As rapt in sprite to view so faire a Creature,
 Of Lineaments diuine and famous Feature:

To

Time is a Turne-coate.

55

To Heau'n adiur'd, in Earth admir'd of all,
Adorn'd with Vertues Metaphysicall:
Vntill the Wolfe, slie Foxe, and Asse with charmes,
Rung in thine eares Enui's extent alarmes.

Oft haue I seene the Wolfe of lambes make prey,
The clamorous Hound hold the swift Hart at bey,
And piercing-sighted Eagle soare aboue,
To fixe his tallants on the mournfull Doue:
(Though theſe be Accidents affiduall,
Yet in their kind th'appeare tyrannicall:) (ſhaft)
But neuer saw two Gemels wound each other,
Or symbolizing ſhapes deuoure their brother:
Yet (*Dian*) thou haſt ſpoil'd thy ſelue in ſpilling
This guiltieſſe bloud, and kil'd thy ſelue in killing:
For Nature in this morall Axiome showes,
Precedent Wrongs, haſt on purſuing Woes.

Thou mightſt haue aym'd thy deep Hart-wounding
Iuft at the Wolfe and Foxe, who ſlunke with craft
Through euery Plaine, to ſpoile the harmleſſe flockes,
Tearing their lambes, who ſkipt on craggie rockes:
This done, came crooching with a courtly grace,
As masked Homagers with *Ianus* face:
Fierce *Leopards* in worke, yet *Lambes* in words, •
Their Enterprizes, enter-piercing ſwords;
Vulturs in thought, yet *Doues* in ſemblant graces,
Monſters within, without faire-painted Faces,
Honyng their Tonges with Angels protestations,
Poſyon'd their Hearts with diuels diſſimulations;

Nay *Sphinx* nor *Proteus* (turn'd to colours strange,)
Could change in time, as they with *Time* wold change.

Thou mightst haue rouz'd the burden-bearing *Aesse*,
Who striu'd & immure him selfe midst fatning grasse,
Vntill with yeares the *Lion's* ouer-worne,
Then calcitrates him with insulting scorne:
Who neigh'd to moue a *Smile*, laden with pride,
Though loath'd of all thy virgin-Nymphs beside.
He seeking shelter in *Minerva's* Tower,
From distillation of each siluer shower;
Lay listning Echoes, that done, gins to snort,
Caryng their tatlings to *Diana's* Court:
This seruile-solide-Lumpe plods backe againe,
To blab what Newes with *Dian* did remaine.
This fawning Drudge in ponderous gold did swim,
Like *Marius* moiles, who toyl'd, yet flicke and trim;
Supporting ay light Courtiers onerous ieasts,
As Natures bond-slaues, borne to beare like Beasts.
For *Pallas* spurning him from out her *Hall*,
Cride: *Get thee hence, I know thee not, nor shall*:
And *Mars* did scorne, that such a dul-pac'd Iade,
Should be officious to his warlike Trade:
Yet thou didst grant him an admittment free,
To be the Pandar to false *Forgerie*. (trudged;

These bloud-sworne Beasts vnto their Dens scarce
But still with Enuie this *Harts* swiftnesse grudged :
(Consulting with grim * *Mesonyxion*) *Midnight.
Obseru'd his footings, and rang'd tracks each one:

And

Time is a Turne-coate. 37

And then purfude with eager hunting close,
Yet smooth'd it vp, not deem'd to be of thole
Wh^t steeled their fierce fangs, and tooke their Stand,
With his hearts-blood t'imbrue the Forrests sand:
But highly honoured him fore *Dians* face,
Yet in his absence drag'd him to Disgrace.
Faire-seeming Pictures dazeling thus *her* Eye,
Foule seemed Faire, *Truth* seemed *Trecherie*:
Thus *Dian* deckt with monstrous *Semblancie*,
Her selfe seem'd not *her* selfe, she was not *she*.

But the sole solace of my soule, is this,
Betwixt their Kinds t'oppose *Annihefis*:
Albeit, this *Faire* by Destinies was chac'd,
And in bright Splendor by foule Beasts disgrac'd:
Yet in his Occident, (with *Light* repleat)
Great *Ione* reserues him for a daintie meat:
Whiles they in death shall as vile Carion lie,
Of Heau'n abiected, loath'd of earthly Eye.
A second *Faire* shall spring from out his bloud,
Whose branching hornes shall beautifie the wood;
Whom ile range it from Wolfes and Tygers iawes,
Each Nymph and Satyre lend him their applause:
Whiles their Of-spring flinke flily to their Den,
Agast, to looke on Satyres, Nymphs, or men.

Thus *Pan* ore-wearied with this tasking stile,
With whispring *Silence* breaths himselfe awhile,
And bids the Nymphs from neighbor-caues arise,
To solemnize the *Heards-kings* Execuies.

58 Time is a Turne-coate.

Then that perform'd, runs swiftly through the plaine,
To fetch his flockes vp to their folds againe.

But soft, swift *Muse*, too fast thou postest on,
Time bids, Range in this sterne *Idilion*:
Conclude with *Time*, whē *Time* cōcludes with thee,
For Times and Motions must concluded be:
Musickē with *Time* affoords sweet harmonie,
And as vnited natuē Twinnes agree:
But this was Enuies harsh-discordant Song,
To make *Time* wash his cheeke and creepe along.

Enuie go hang, thy viperous word's no Law,
Thy Toad-like swelling looke's not woorthe a straw.
Thou canst not now Defame, Depose, Depriue;
Truth scales thy wals, thy kingdome cannot thriue:
She now dispels white vizards from thy face,
And eleuates her Throne by thy disgrace:
For *Phæbus* Lute descants a new-found note,
Wherat *Time* skips, and turnes his *Protean* cote.

Now may the flockes securely range at large,
For *Ioue* hymselfe of them hath taken charge.
Now tender Lambes may skip from out their pens,
While Romish Tygers slinke into their dens;
Like wandring Spirits midst the drearie Night,
Whose Apparitions do abhorre the light;
Charming poore Fosters with their Magicke Spels,
Till the great *Hunt* shal rowze them from their Cels:
For now *Apollo* takes his Lute in hand,
Time leapeth on with Joy, and scornes to stand.

As

Time is a Turne-coate.

59

As Foxes now in antres they remaine,
Scraping each dustie concave of their braies,
For putride Argumēnts, to hold dispute
Gainst Heau'ns selfe, yet still themselues confute.
As slipperie Ecles with sound of dreadfull thunder,
Scud from their chirkies, and separate asunder:
So of they crepe from out their slimie caues,
Plung'd in the mud of deepe despairing waues;
Fluttring like Schrich-owlson the craggie rockes,
Yell foorth *Effata's* to their senslesse Blockes.
They lash foorth loathsome libels of Confesse,
With soules seducing triuiall Treatises;
So farre vnsit to sauē a Christian,
As is the Turkish truthelesse *Alcoran*.
The march as Maskers in disguised shapes,
Tossing their Beads with tricks, like mimicke Apes:
Or Cornish chaugs, that in their nests do chatter,
Neither to Reason, Sense, or any matter:
To Seigneur *Crux* such hote-breath'd fighs they send,
As make him frowne, and vow to be their end:
An Altar apt for such a Sacrifice,
For what they craue, his Worshipe ne're denies:
The place is Shame, through Malefaction,
And there with Shame they share Deuotion.

Now hath th'Italian Serpent cast her sting,
And wounded lies by IAMS, faire Albions King;
Whom, Heau'ns protect from fawning *Gnato's* crue,
That turne (with monstrous *Time*) to Protean hue;

60 Time is a Turne-coate.

Or as bright Comets, whose blaze lasteth pure
No longer, then their exhal'd Fires endure:
Or Heiticke fits, now hote, now cold within,
Now burns the heart, now frigerates the skin.

Extirpate Traitors, ô heau'n's expell
The craftie Counsels of *Achitophell*,
The soothing Humor of each *Midas* braine,
That by blandiloquence seekes his state to staine:
The damn'd stratagemes of *Romish* Fauorites,
And all Spanized bloud-sworne Iesuites,
Who long expected that a day would come,
Wherin with bloud they might work *Albions* doome:
Covering their face with vailes of Loyaltie,
Their poysoned hearts confort with Villanie,
To trucidate and murther *Prince* and *Peere*,
Whose bloud, both God and man esteeme most deare.
These are Illusions sprung from Poperie,
These are the fruites of false Imagerie.
In Nomine Iesu, yet their facts must rise,
O sleight *Preludium* to their Tragedies:
Their actions are exhaust from Puritie,
Yet practise nought but diuelish Trecherie.
Are these Devotions: nay, Delusions,
Detractions, and their owne Destructions.
Let no man dread *Romes* Hydra bearing sway,
For *Albions* *Hercul's* crops his heads away:
One Head entire doth on his shoulders stand,
Which will be broke by *Iames* owne royll hand.

For

Time is a Turne-coate. 61

For Phæbus hath denis'd an heau'ly note,
To make Time laugh, and turne his Sphinx-like cote.

But harke, Muse, harke, me thinks some voice diuine,
Ecchoes the mountaines of the Muses nine:
Stay, genious Muse, thy ouer-tired teame,
Cease to discussse vpon so deepe a Theame:
Now take repose in Aganyppe's vale,
And marke the tenor of this sequell Tale.

A Panygericall Idilion pronounced to the Citie of London before the entrance of her long-expected Comfort.

NOW London rise from dreadfull Dungeon,
Of darke disastrous deepe Destruction;
Wherein thou didst imbrace foule hood-winkt Nighr,
Prodigious horror, indigence of light,
And Sense-appalling Feare, with short-drawne breath,
Fast grip'd betwixt the chaps of rauenous Death:
Gainst whom, Heau'n's wondrous works opposed were,
Each Planet, and incomprehended Sphere,
The restlesse Poles, and high-remoted Starres,
Against thy Pride conspired direfull warres:
Apollo mask'd his face with beames of bloud,
While trembling Phæb exanimatd stood:
With ioynt agree thus adunitd all,
To captiuate thee with perfidious thrall.

Erect thy bruised stormie-battred head,
Basely delected like the high-sprung Reed,
Orgassic plaines, where Verbis flowers abound,
Whose stems are vrg'd to kisse the foule-fac'd ground:
When as the furious Fire with discontents,
(Included close midst liquid Elements,) T'wixt o' th' world
Alongst the sphæric Frame doth range about,
With burning ire to find some passage out; A
Atlast breakes through with roatings violent,
Like to a Lion in some dungeon pent;
And then dissolues that grosse-congealed matter,
To fierce tempestuous hajle and flouds of water.
Then *Aeolus* ope's his vented anters deepe,
That curl'd-hair'd *Boreas* through the world may sweep
Whose steele-strong breath doth penetrate the rockes,
Disturbes *Dametas* and confounds his flockes:
Affrighting Nature with celestiall Thunder,
And stoutly strikes the Cedars tops asunder.
Whereat huge *Etna* quakes, proud billowes rise,
And *Amphytrite's* Towers confront the skies:
The sinewie Oake with feare falle flat to ground,
Earths Center trembleth at this terrible sound.
But when *Latona's* Heire transcends his Light,
From queene *Aurora's* christall Pallace bright,
Gazing about the World with chearefull Eye,
Intrailes the Earth with robes of Maiestic;
Intreats the vpright-towring *Larke* to sing,
The low-laid grasse to rife, and plants to spring:

Instructing

Time is a Turne-coate.

63

Instructing *Man* by course from East to West,
To rise with *Labour*, and lie downe with *Rest*:
Then boasts queene *Flora* in her fragrant bed,
Who earst did droupe with tempests ruined.

So thou, sith *Heau'n* respects thy mournfull mone,
From the high *Solium* of *Ioue* sacred Throne;
Spreading his glorious beames of quickning Grace,
Vpon thy wofull storm-beat withered face:
Sucke vigor from his nourishing feruent raiers,
He yeelds thee life; yeeld him immortall praise.
Sin as the Load-stone, drew this Plague vpon thee,
And sins expulsion, must expell it from thee;
Sin grounds the Cause, & Judgment frames th'Effect,
T'asswage th'Efficient, Sin thou must reiect:
Hadst thou not sin'd, *Heau'n* had not cride, Repent;
Where raignes no sin, there needes no punishment.

Rig vp thy Barke split through with storms of woes,
Saile to the port where *Pattulus* ore-flowes;
Condensit from *Tmolus* mount in *Lydia* land,
Where golden grauell guilds the siluer sand:
Flourish in spite of interdicting Fate,
Reduce thine Honor to his auncient state.
Lachesis now (who earst so swiftly spun)
May sit and rest, her tedious taske is done:
For mightie *Ioue* (th' Olympiarking) foreshowes
The calculation of thy by-past woes;
To lie inundate midstrue founts of *Loue*,
Distilling from th' *Ambrosian* Springs aboue.

As flame-hair'd *Phabas* melteth by degrees,
 Drop after drop the weeping Ysicles,
 And so traduc'd to Dissolution,
 Are by the thirstie Earth absorb'd each one:
 So, as he manag'd Iudgement with Increase,
 Doth mitigate it with a sweet Surcease.

Now bath amidst *Macenas* siluer stremes,
 To *Europes* eyes extend thy golden beames.
 And as the Satyres skipping through each street
 Of auncient *Rome*, with *Orpheus* musick sweet,
 Sounding *Amphyrons* quickening simphonie,
 Threatned the death of *Marcus Antonie*: The Goddess
of Mirth.
 So let * *Euterpe* on the aduertis part,
 Plucke vp her sprite, and euer chearefull hart,
 T'infuse thy streets with heau'nly ioond mirth,
 And sacred solace for thy prosperous Birth.
 Thy *Ephous* put on their scarlet Dic,
 To intertwaine his royll Maestie;
 Who long'd to view thy face, (from him exil'd)
 Euen as a father doth his long-lost child.
 Produce thine Ornamentes and ensignes faire,
 Let shril-toung'd Trumpets penetrate the aire;
 Let bels concord in Musickes simphonie,
 Let *Anes* dimme the Meteors of the skie:
Iouissance diuine reecho in each place,
 Each creature cry: *God save king IAMES his grace*.
ECHO, the tatling Daughter of the hill,
 Shall iterate that Speech thrice-doubled still;

For

Time is a Turne-coate.

65

For *Phæbus* tunes a sweet celestiall note,
Wherat *Time* skips with Ioy, in golden cote.

When worthie *Pompey*, Lord of *Africa*,
Was chosen Chiefe to scour the surging sea
Of Pyrates, brauing with ore-swaying might;
So high his Fame soar'd in the *Romaines* fight,
That all applauded him with shoutes and cries;
So pierc't the thin vast aire beneath the skies,
That certaine fowles amaz'd fell flat to ground,
Hearing such clam'rous noise, and thundring sound.

So let the Steele of pure Affection,
Strike fire of Zeale and true Subiection
Vpon thy Vulgars hearts, inflam'd with loue
Of due Alleigiance, sparkling from aboue:
That so they may conforme their Loyaltie,
Consonant to *Casars Solidurij*;
Who (when they were enrol'd in martiall pay,
If chanc'd by brunt of fight to lose the day)
For griefe would kill themselves with their own hands,
So neare succineted with Affections bands:
Then shall thy wals inclose him plausibly,
As to his Throne he entred peaceably.

Thy *Muses* flow with *Archimedes* Skill,
That they thy streets with Rarities may fill.
For when young *Cato* that braue *Romaine* Peere,
With his wel-manned ships approched neare
The *Syracusan* walles strong fortifide;
By *Archimedes* caution were desride:

K

66 Time is a Turne-coate.

They full resolu'd to raze them flat to ground,
By him such warlike Engines rare were found,
(Which from the Tower thereof his Art downe sent)
Who turn'd their strong-built Barkes circumferent
With bottomes vpward, drawne from out the fount,
And cast vpon the high-confronting mount:
He fram'd a Doue of wood by Art so rare,
That for some space perpendid midst the aire
Seeming aliue, and counterpois'd so right,
Was thought to flie, most strange to humane sight.
So shall thy *Muses* from sweet Sapience,
Infuse their Thoughts with powerfull Influence:
The learn'd *Thalia* that doth on *Pernasse* dwell,
Shall Nectar quaffe from *Aganyppe's* well,
That they with deepe Designtes may mone delight,
Beyond the motions of sharpe Reasons sight:
From midst their Rarities shall *Caliope* sing:
Great King of kings, protect king IAMES our King.

Now genious *Muse*, drinke of *Castalian* Springs,
Then soare aloft with swift *Pegasian* wings,
And mounting Euolence to th' ingenious braine;
There bid thy turret-climing sprite remaine:
Suruiue thy Thoughts, ere all the Musick's done,
With *Pallas* daunce in this Idilion:
Let *Phæbus* rauishing Lute thy Musick be,
Salute great *Pan* with this *Panygerie*.

Diuine *Apollo*, Harbinger to *Ioue*,
To Earth descend from mouing sphæres aboue,

With

With thy bright Chariot, by proud *Eōus* led,
 Where heau'ly Queenes are high enthronized;
 That they as Guards may waite with rare delighr,
 On *Albions Cesars* royalized sprite.

Let faire* *Sophia* seate the chiefest part, *Wisdom.
 In the Bed-chamber of his peerelesse heart;
 That by conuerse she may pure Motions lend,
 From whenceall Motions draw successefull end.
 Let louely* *Phronesis* with cleare Diamonds dight, *Pru
 Beauer resident fore his Princely sight; *dēce.
 Feeding with her bright Shine his piercing Eye,
 To search the drifts of wresting *Sophistrie*:
 So sincere *Truth* shall chieue the vpper hand,
 Ore-topping *Vice*, while she amaz'd doth stand.
 Let* *Melos* tune her siluer-sounding Song, *Concord.
 Within the groues of his minds Motion;
 That Heau'ns *Astrea*, sacred queene of Grace,
 Iust measures there may tread with loftie tracce.
 * *Soter*, vnsheath thy neuer-danted sword, *I. flicc.
 Strike downe-right Blowes, as full-eyes can affoord,
 With strict attendance on his right side stand,
 Mercy on left, t'asswage thy rigorous hand,
 And counterpoise thy scales with Paritic,
 Rejecting squint-eyed Partialitie:
 Then shall thy Deitie be ador'd of all,
 Congratulated both of great and small.

As bright-eyed* *Eōus*, *Don Phæbus* Page, *Day-flie.
 Attends his Maisters sweating Pilgrimage,

68 Time is a Turne-coate.

Sliding vpright with burning flames accrude,
To his Meridian climing altitude;
And then descends till his hote taske be done,
Towards the Wests extracted Horizon.
So let these glorious Empresses attend
Vpon his Acts, from Alpha to the end;
That by their Conduct he may view the way,
To dignifie his Throne, and Scepter sway:
Pursuing still his princely Thoughts with speed,
That their rich fruites th'Euent may alwaies feed.
As' *Numa* was suppos'd to spend each day
In deepe conuersing with *Egeria*;
By whose aduice he constituted Lawes,
Consorting to the Vulgar sorts applause:
So by sweet Conference with all of these,
Shall he prescribe his Lawes, Acts, and Decrees;
Which in their good Successe shall stand vpright,
Fore mightie *Ioue*, fore Heau'n and humane sight.
Then *Albion* thou, abundantly increase
In Wealth, Tranquilitie, and ioyfull Peace:
For that's true Peace, which *Ius* to kingdomes brings,
Kings subiect to their *Lawes*, not *Lawes* to *Kings*.
Now *Mercurie*, surnam'd **Ox'zoda*, *Light-foot.
Plume thy light wings, make hast, no time delay;
Be swifter then *Palladius Persian*,
That through the *Romsine* Confines quickly ran
To *Theodosius*, where he did remaine,
Shewing, *The Romaines had the Persians slaine*:

Desist

Time is a Turne-coate.

69

Desist not then (if thou wilt purchase name)

To thrust this Motto in the chaps of Fame:

All-seeing loue faire Albions isle hath blest,

With a renowned King, and tranquile Rest;

Whose Vertue glistering from his stately Throne,

Gives sight unto his Substitutes each one:

Euen as the Sun with his transcendent Light,

T iends all the twinkling Candles of the Night.

Faire Phœbe daunce on Ganges argent streames;

Dan Titan laugh with bright-reflecting Beames;

Protract thy course from burning Ida's hill,

Commaund thy burnisht coach to wander still

Vnder the starrie Round, and third Degree,

Till Earth be crown'd with Angels dignitie.

Great Court of Heau'n thy Synode counite.

T adorne his heart with crownes of true Delight,

That neighbour-kings admiring at his state,

His Princely steps may strive to imitate;

And that by Soueraigne blisse his Raigne may be

A rare Memoriall to Eternitie.

O blisfull Concord bred in Heau'ns pure brest,

For Albions sacred and assured Rest,

By loue, who rules the restlesse ranging skie:

By thy Decree, that glorious power doth lie,

With sweet Accord to keepe the pugnant stars,

And each foule Planet from disastrous wars.

Celestiall Ens, that Earths Ens fram'd of nought,

And by Creation, Light from Darknesse brought:

K 3

70 Time is a Turne-coate.

Thou that refin'd those vitall Elements,
From the confused *Chaos* quintessence:
By whom we liue, respire, moue, stand, and be;
Compounded of indifferent Qualitie.
Thou that commandst Heau'n's Axletree to moue
Vpon the distant Poles, the Sphaeres aboue
To turne with measured Course, and neuer stay
From Agitation neither Night nor Day:
Yet in the midſt, Earth haſt thou fram'd ſo fast,
That ſhall perdure, till Heau'n's huge Frame doth waſt.
Thou art that *First*, and laſt things doſt pretend;
Yet ſans Beginning, and without an End:
Thy glorious Power doth comprehend each one,
Yet comprehended canſt thou be of none.
Thou diſt prepare the mountaine *Ararat*,
(When the wide World in blind-fold Deluge ſate)
To entertaine the waue-toſt *Arke* with Reſt,
From whence each Kind abundantly increaſt.

In thee, in thee ſuch powerfull glorie bides,
From thee ſuch Lenitie and Friendship ſlides,
As may coniаund this *Uniuerſe* to bend,
As mortall *Ens* can neuer comprehend.
By thy Decree the lustie Cedars ſpring,
The bloomie Ver abundant fruites doth bring:
Thou doſt increase the grouth of Sommers ſeed,
For to ſupply the breeme-fac'd Winters need:
Thou doſt inspire the hearts of peereleſſe Peeres,
In ripening Youth to chufe their flouriſhing Feeres:

„ And

Time is a Turne-coate.

71

"And looke how fast to Death *Man* payes his due,

"So fast againe dost thou his Stocke renue.

As by this President *Albion* now may see,

Who doth inioy *I a m b s* royll Maiestie:

To whom I wish long, long, and happie Raigne,
Wherein he may the Gospell pure maintaine;
Old *Nestors* yeares (ô Heau'ns) let him excell,
And be a Father graue in *Israel*.

Grant sacred *Ioue* his royll Stocke to stand,
His Branch to flourish in faire *Albions* Land,
So long as *Titan* treades Heau'ns siluer tracke,
To analize *Times* compleat Zodiacke:

Till *Time* himselfe leauue turning of his cote,
And *Phabus* cease to strike *Time*. rauishing note.

Thus each true *English* heart sincerely pray:

And he that seekes his Person to betray,
Fierce *Proserpina* with her Daughters three,
Shall dragge his soule to cole-blacke *Tartarie*;

To fearefull *Hades*, or the darkeſt Hell,
Where nought but Diuels and damned Spirits dwell:
Meane time my genious *Muse* this Note shall sing:

Heau'ns prosper I a m b s, the *Britons* lawfull King.

CECINI.

*Nunc ibo interea, & Pernassi in rupibus altis,
Donec Musa iterum inbeat me exire, latebo.*

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MUSEUM

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PASTORALL PANEGYRICKS.

Iacobo Regi æterna Gloria.

I n Winters wracke the torrents rage and flow,
A nd shepheards forc'd to leaue their pleasant rockes;
C old-wrinkled furrowes scated in his brow,
O ut bids them drive their weather-beaten Flockes.
B ut mightie Pan commaunds a Cedar spring,
O ut of whose roote faire-flourishing Branches grow,
R ising in heighth, Heau'ns Quire about him sing,
E ach loftie Oake doth pure Alleigance shew.
G raze now ye tender Lambes, skip and repast
I n fruitfull Groues, under this Cedar shroud,
E steeeme not offierce Æolus blustering blast,
T urne not from fields when mistis bright Titan cloud.
E ager *Phæra, the wild Cremonian Sow, * Roma
R auening abroad, and searching for her prey,
N ought can obtaine but dreadfull ouerthrow,
A s Flocks suruine, she surfeits in decay.
G reat Cedar spread, in lasting glorie spring,
L eaves, Viburnes, Flowers, All shall sing thy praise,
O ur A lexander, and Astræa's King,
R ecrown'd be thou with newer-fading Baies:
I n Albions Groue, flourish thy royll Blond,
A s long as Rivers flow, and Cedars bud.

Astra Deo nil maius habent, nil Cæsare terra:
Sic Cæsar terras, ut Deus astra, regat.





Anna valeat Regina.

A stræa peeping from the skie,
N ymphs and Satyres gaz'd to spie
N ature worke her owne Despaire,
A nd soile her selfe to frame that Faire.
V p Flockes and dance, pipe rusticke Swaines,
A llfragrant flowers adorn the plaines:
L oe, Astræa comes at hand,
(E uer Lucina by her stand:))
A stræa glideth from the aire
T o guild the Groues; she faireſt Faire
R enives the Plants, recures the Sprayes,
E ternall be her Crowne of Bayes.
G aze may the Sun with ſplendant Bright,
I n darke doth ſhe ſurpaſſe his Light:
N ow ſweet Muses ye behold,
A stræa trip on earthly Mold.

Semper virescas.



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Enigma Heselvius



Henricus Princeps vivat.

H e, Syluanes, Nymphs, leape from your siluer lake,
E rect your viols fil'd with golden praise:
N ow Satyres sing, your Cynicke Cels farsake:
R odanus, thy madide beard from Rivers raise:
I n sweet agree,
C ome sing with me,
V nto that Starre that deignes to glide these waies.
S weet Flora now imbellish thy faire Bowers;
P aris, thou shepheards boy, Heau'ns musick bring,
R evolve thy Lils, tripping amongst these flowers,
I nfuse rare Tunes, and rurall Pzeans sing:
N ote his bright Face,
C ombin'd with Grace:
E ccho with Aues bid the mountaines ring.
P hoebus intraile him with thy golden ray,
S o fragrant Clores, Sommers verdant Queene,
V nto his Progresse, thy vert shades display,
I nuellow him around with Chaplets greens.
V nto this Shrine,
A ll ioyes diuine,
T o Heau'n a Sun, to earth a Load-starre scene.

Semper splendescas.

L 3

Hemimelaena Pinguiculae variegata



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ΕΠΙΜΕΛΩΔΕΣ.

Læta sit ista Dies, totumq; canenda per orbē,
Qua Princeps nobis Rexq; IACOBVS erit.
Plebs pia cumq; pia lætetur plebe Senatus:
Redde Deo grates ANGLIA tota tuo.
Attulit illa Dies fessis miseriſq; Leuamen,
Et Lumen cæcis, attulit illa Dies.
Tempora temporibus mutantur tristia lætis,
Succedunt summis Gaudia summa Malis.



FINIS.

ΕΠΙΛΟΓΑ ΣΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΣ
Επιλογές από την ελληνική λογοτεχνία
στην περιόδο 1821-1913
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